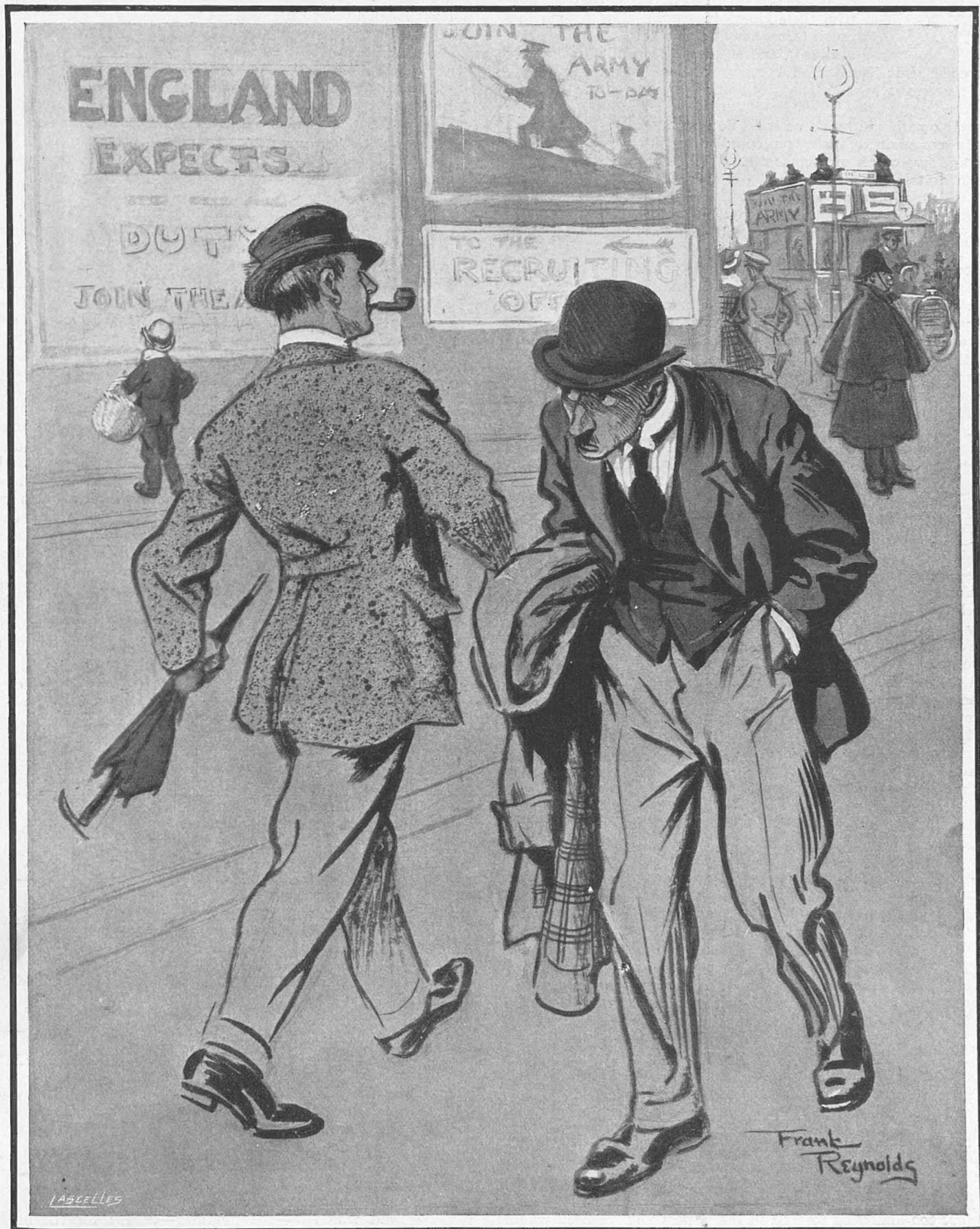


The Sketch

No. 1190 —Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



"SKETCH" PUZZLE PICTURE: FIND THE MAN WHO HAS ENLISTED!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER TO LONELY SOLDIERS

THE BREAD-AND-MARGARINE MISS—CRUMBS
AND CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



ON your own khaki heads be it, Messieurs—it was on the tip of my pen to put "Boys" instead, but I remembered in time that no one who knows how to behave says "Boys." Not that a beautiful behaviour in those matters matters much (*Mon Dieu*, let me be a free Phrynette always!), and etiquette and ethics are merely

climatic codes, but 'cos, for all I know, some of you may be quite venerable veterans (not judging by your letters, 'course!). I'll start again.

On your own khaki heads be it! You grumbled agreeably—you pleasantly complained that you could read me through in five minutes and five whiffs of a cigarette. Well, in future you are going to have a double dose of me, and every week you and I in your dug-out will gossip *en tête-à-tête*.

Do you like bread-pudding? No, don't be afraid; I am not sending you any. I don't like it myself—reminds me too much of the dire diet of nursery days, when things that were good for one were forced down one's young throat 'cos the greedy grown-ups kept selfishly all the things that are bad for them for themselves!

Well, let me give you a tip—you, for example, "S. B. S.," who tell me you are looking forward to a London leave shortly. You had better write home when you get this and just casually mention some of the menus you'd like as a change from the mess. Or, better still, have breakfast at home if you must (if you can, I mean—well, if your wrist-watch keeps good time, and you an eye on it, that is), but be booked to feed elsewhere for other meals; don't forget! For dark designs are lifting the lids of pots and pans and hovering over ovens! *Mais oui*, and there are skeletons in the kitchen cupboard—rabbits! Yes, and they'll juggle with it and jug it and call it hare! You see, Society women have got the economy craze just now. You may have heard of it already, but now 'tis much worse! They are going in for scientific stinginess, attending lectures about it; and 'course 'tis not the wardrobe but the cupboard that one retrenches from first, *n'est-ce-pas*?

Yesterday, as I was resting, rolled on the rug, in front of the fire, Lady Vertugadin (which is not her name, but suits her, *pauvre chère*!) manoeuvred my door mounted on two resolute calves which were plainly visible under her skunk-trimmed coat. I s'pose she had also a skirt, but perhaps the skunk had eaten it—anyway, I could not see it, though, being on the floor, I could admire the massiveness and solidity of her ebony pillars. I thought of Samson and smiled.

Said Lady Vertugadin, "Whatever are you doing there, giggling and doing nothing?" She is so sweetly inconsequent. "Put on your topper and come with me to Quality Square. Most interesting lecture—Household Hints. I spend two hours there every week—such savings, you have no idea!" And as we were shooting forwards in the cuddling depths of her Rolls-Royce—

"I have heard of a shop where you can get ham for tenpence-halfpenny a pound. Yes, my dear, just imagine! And lump-sugar at five-pence-three-farthings! 'Course, it's rather far, but 'tis well worth the journey. Jessie will be at the lecture, and perhaps also the Duchess. And oh, by the way, the dear Duchess is so frightfully upset. It seems, you know, she has a double, a stage lady, very beautiful too, and about the same age, and she is seen everywhere *où l'on s'amuse*—night clubs, and all sorts of gay places—which the dear Duchess forswears during war time. She is living very, very quietly (so many of her people are fighting), she is doing

lots of good work, and hardly showing herself anywhere; and then isn't it just too annoying to read in the papers you've been where you've not been, and giddy places too, and all because there is another woman like you and who emphasises the fact?

And, you know, Lady Clonmell seems afflicted the same way. There are people who say she has been out to France—though, of course, France is all right—but she says she has not left England since the war. The Earl of Clonmell is fighting, but Lady Clonmell stayed at home with her two children. Oh, here we are!"

A large drawing-room crammed full of fashion and femininity. A queenly apparition in black velvet and blue fox is talking. You can see in her dress she has taken economy seriously—so has everyone else in the room. We are all so modest and simple in our taste, just plain black (velvet, 'course), and only one or two jewels—pearls for preference, merely one, or two, or three rows of pearls—that's all!

Fur toques and postillions' hats are tense with interest. I s'pose the faces are too, but I can't see them because of monstrous fur collars reaching to the temples.

"Margarine," the unctuous voice of the exquisite apparition is saying, "should be soaked in water before being sent to the table."

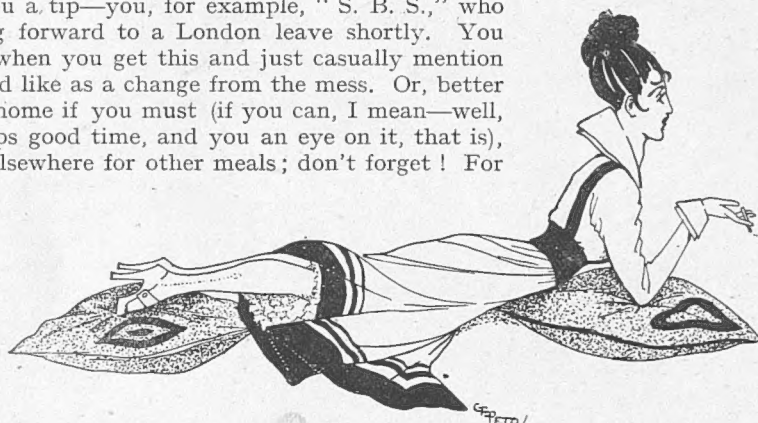
The room is warmed to perfection, the smell of carnations and camellias bathes your senses soothingly, the tea is delicious, and I would swear those *petits-fours* come direct from Paris. I'd love to curl up in this big arm-chair and go to sleep, but Lady Vertugadin has her eye on me, and nudges with one elbow and all her might. "Did you hear that about the crumb-cakes, Phrynette? No need for eggs—how exciting! I must tell cook! Has not war worked wonders? It's a new invention, isn't it, that margarine?"

The melodious voice goes on inveighing against servants who drink tea five times a day and want lunch at eleven o'clock in the morning; telling how not to have cold meat or hash, how to keep down the consumption of coal, etc. The lecture is over—the audience flutter for a while, then troop down to their waiting cars and drive off in fine style.

With her little gold pencil Lady Vertugadin notes down the address where margarine can be bought at something-three-farthings the pound—"One farthing cheaper than my grocer sells it!" she says triumphantly.

As she brings me back home we talk of other serious topics—she wants my advice on pyjamas. Her eldest daughter Moira, between milking cows and reaping turnips, or whatever is being reaped just now, and being photographed in corduroy knickers too 'cute for words by the side of a rake—you know, the thing you dig with—Moira is turning her thoughts to her trousseau. And as she works on a farm every Thursday from eleven to one in the morning, and is otherwise strenuously engaged in other manual work during the rest of the week, it gives her very little time for her own affairs. So her mamma and I are going to help with the shops—and don't I love it!

I suggest pink crêpe-de-Chine pyjamas, "the palest flesh-pink, so that one can hardly tell which is pyjamas and which is—not pyjamas—except for the narrow fur edging that hems the sweet things. I have seen some apple-green ones, but complexion is nowhere in them, and the Futurist



"Do you like bread-pudding? . . . I am not sending you any."



"Margarine should be soaked in water before being sent to the table."

ones—you know, the stained-window sort—well, the rest of your things looks so tame by the side of it—awfully difficult to match one's atmosphere to such pyjamas! 'Course they must be cut by a man tailor—it makes all the difference, dear Lady Vertugadin. Teddie Gerrard, who is at the Palace, goes to a tailor near Burlington Arcade for her pyjamas, and they are awfully smart, with big, big pockets and wonderful bandanna hankies to fill the breast-pocket. Let's go up to Bond Street and buy bandannas."

So we went, as we also wanted skin-food and cream-coated gloves for Maid Moira. Farming regularly for two hours a week is so bad for the hands.

"And Linda," I asked, "what is she doing for the country?"

"Oh, my youngest daughter is a heroine," said Lady Vertugadin. "She is soldering."

"Soldiering?"

"Welding things, you know, sticking bits of aeroplanes together—very good work, but ruinous for clothes. She's always asking for new frocks because she burns holes in them with lead and acid and things, and 'course you can't expect the poor child to wear old dresses that don't matter when her sister is appearing in the illustrated papers in new overalls made by Mme. Frou-Frou—it would not be fair. The other day the dear girl burnt her thumb, and she did not drop the alembic or whatever it is—she just went on until the aeroplane was quite finished, and then she put the flaming instrument down. We gave a little informal party for that occasion—all our friends wanted to have a look at her thumb. She became engaged that evening. Oh, I am a happy mother, Phrynette—I have two such dear children, both doing their bits!"

"It seems to me you are all heroines—taking the 'bit' between your teeth, too! Fancy you going home in a few moments with margarine and rabbits up your sleeve and calmly facing cook!"

Lady Vertugadin dropped me at Peggy's. Peggy is playing at pretending she is a nurse. She is so sweetly swish (all in white from her little white cap to her high ripping Russian boots), and as she also has caught the craze for simplicity, she has discarded all her jewels—well, almost all; that large ruby cross she is wearing is not worn as an ornament really; oh, no! it's a sort of badge, see? Horribly expensive, 'course, but, then, it looks so well on white, she says, and, who knows, perhaps Peggy may become a real nurse some day! I s'pose she hopes

so, for when I asked her whether she had trained, she answered: "No, but I am going out as an orderly to France. They have such a lot of trained nurses to look after the wounded. I'll go to cheer them and arrange the flowers in the wards." She is going to ask her daddy, who is a General.

As I came back I found waiting for me a box of the most scrumptious, luscious, delicious *marrons glacés* 'twas ever my luck to munch. Many thanks, amiable sailor—I say sailor 'cause there was "Censored in Ship" on the lid. Fancy, how heroic of the Censor to have let those sweet, plump, tempting *marrons* pass without tasting one or two! You see, as I was telling you last week, I am in a fair way of being spoilt! And I was made to say t'was "very bad form"—what I wrote was t'was "very bad for me," and what I meant was t'was the goodest possible thing for me! And, speaking of spoiling, I've just received a long letter of four closely written sheets from a hero. 'Course I know you are all heroes, but this new correspondent of mine is a particularly heroic hero—a D.S.C., if you please! And then he addresses me in French—how is that for courage, what? And, by the way, in French "Dear Friend" is not always "Cher Ami," but also—especially, I should say, "Chère Amie"—that is, when you address a woman, 'course. Now, perhaps, did you imagine that Phrynette is a frivolous old man with a beard and a silly sense of fun; but, reading your letter again, I should say no, you don't imagine that.

"I am not a lonely soldier, but I am presumptuous enough to believe that your weekly letter in *The Sketch* is intended for a lonely sailor also"—but yes, *bien sur*!—and I feel lonely enough when the Turks will let me. I had the luck to be in every scrap in the North Sea, and now I am 'strafing' the Turk. It is monotonous at times, until the arrival of your weekly letter, and then my loneliness vanishes. You have got such a grip of the minds of men." Very flattering, but I must not leave this copy about for Aunt

Barbara to see. Where was I? Oh, yes—"I feel as if"—no, that's irrelevant. "In my wanderings I have developed certain characteristics which you set out in your letters with a realism that can only come through intimate knowledge and sympathy." Sympathy certainly, reader hero, but



"Too 'cute for words by the side of a rake—you know, the thing you dig with."

"intimate knowledge"—well, isn't it rather a compromising compliment? S'pose we say intuition—what? So you like stockings as much as all that? *Tu quoque, Briton!* "Now," you say, "I ask you, what can a soldier in France know of the longing to feast one's eyes? He sees a stocking occasionally"—on and off, so to speak—"but I have not seen one, even at the end of a long-distance telescope, for many moons, and to me the prettiest sight in the world is a pair of black silk stockings; but I prefer the colour-scheme of blue ribbon—pink looks too much like a piece chopped off just where the line of black terminates. I have seen stockings made the most of in recent numbers of *The Sketch*"—ah, I s'pose you

have seen those of Polaire—"but they have not the same charm when one does not know the original"—which of the two stockings is the

original one, pray?—"and you have that feeling that they are adorning the 'dug-outs' and cabins of half the other officers in the Navy and Army"—I see, what you want is a private pair. Well, here are my very good wishes for a well-filled stocking—for Christmas!

Now, fighting friends, 'tis very sweet of you to tell me what you do like, but it would also interest me vastly to know what you do not like. And particularly as regards our get-up. I have been preparing you gently for some change in our appearance—I wanted to save you the shock, when you come back, of realising suddenly that women are bipeds! Oh, you'll see us revealed under new—well, no, perhaps not new, but certainly amusing aspects: on top of ladders, pruning trees (I must ask Miss Lena Ashwell if she employs women to paste posters for her all-women theatre), repairing our own roofs, or taking mud-baths in your soft, fat, deep English roads after the rain, trying to coax a thrill and a throb from the heartless inside of a car—tinker, tinker, little belle! Now, you would not like to see us rung up against a second storey, or toiling among the tiles in a gale, or wriggling under an obdurate Napier in our



"All our friends wanted to have a look at her thumb. She became engaged that evening."

picturesque but indiscreet skirts, would you? When I say you would not like to see us, I meant, to be more exact, that it would not be a working *prop*-osition! So our thoughts are engrossed and our legs encased; knickers and puttees, or high boots, seem to solve the practicality problem; but the question remains—Will you like us thus? For 'tis no good pretending that we don't dress just to please you—'cos we do! To please other women, to be dowdy is a surer way! Then, if in the months to come we adopt more and more masculine modes, in the daytime anyway, will you still love the new useful us—if we look somewhat like Vesta Tilley in a jolly jockey part? Do tell us, for would not it be hard lines if, after having struggled to get into it, we had to get out of the habit to please you—by habit I meant custom, not costume!



"I suggested pink crêpe - de - Chine pyjamas."



A GUARDS' CHAPEL WEDDING : SEYMOUR - GROSVENOR.



BROTHER OF THE BRIDE :
LORD EDWARD GROSVENOR.



LEAVING 2, SOUTH STREET, MAYFAIR, IN AN INVALID CHAIR :
THE COUNTESS OF ERNE STARTING FOR THE CEREMONY.



MOTHER OF THE BRIDE : KATHARINE
DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.



NIECE BY MARRIAGE OF THE BRIDE : THE DUCHESS
OF WESTMINSTER.



THE HAPPY PAIR : LORD HENRY SEYMOUR AND HIS BRIDE
(FORMERLY LADY HELEN GROSVENOR) LEAVING THE CHAPEL.

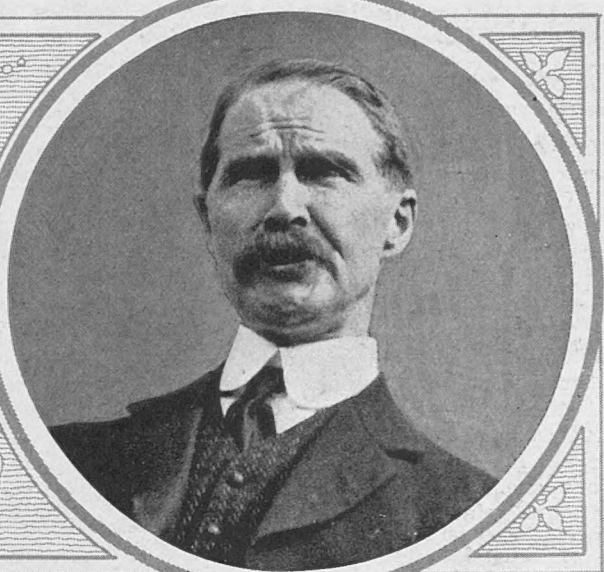
The wedding of Major Lord Henry Seymour, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards (brother and heir-presumptive to the Marquess of Hertford), to Lady Helen Grosvenor, youngest daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, by his second marriage, took place on Nov. 10, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. With regard to the portraits given above, it may be noted that Lord Edward Grosvenor, a brother of the bride,

gave her away. He is seen in uniform as a Lieutenant of the Royal Naval Air Service.—The Countess of Erne is the bride's sister, and was married to the fifth Earl of Erne, of the Royal Horse Guards, in 1903.—Katharine Duchess of Westminster is the mother of the bride.—The Duchess of Westminster (formerly Miss Cornwallis-West) was married to the present Duke in 1901.

AS SUPPLIED BY PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS IN A HURRY:
THE NEW WAR COMMITTEE STRAIGHT FROM STOCK.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE, THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS.



MR. BONAR LAW, THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.



MR. MCKENNA, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



MR. ASQUITH, THE PRIME MINISTER AND TEMPORARY WAR SECRETARY.



MR. BALFOUR, THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

One penalty of fame is the liability to be snap-shotted by the ubiquitous Press photographer at any moment. He may catch you when lost in thought, "making a face," assuming a comic attitude, or at a time when official dignity is, perhaps, slightly relaxed! Whenever the famous suddenly re-leap into a fresh blaze of renown, by some new achievement or appointment, the photographers, with most commendable enterprise, at once bombard the editors of illustrated papers with portraits of the celebrities concerned. If they have not a studio portrait at hand, they send in

whatever snapshots they happen to possess. We, of course, are very grateful to them for their promptitude, but the results would be rather funny if we published some of the photographs received. By way of example, we have done so on this occasion, reproducing here some typical "snaps" available when the names of the five members of the new War Committee of the Cabinet were announced. Our readers will no doubt appreciate the novelty; and the subjects themselves will find it in their hearts to forgive us!



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

The Verb "To Grouse."

What is the exact meaning and derivation of the verb "to grouse"? In these days, we really ought to be quite clear on that point. In the interests of the public, therefore, I have been consulting those learned authorities, John Ogilvie, LL.D., and Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. And this is what they tell me—

"Grouse, grous, *n.* (Etym. doubtful; perhaps erroneously formed as a singular to the old form *grice*, a grouse; on the supposition that this was a plural like *mice*; comp. O. Fr. *poule griesche*, a moorhen—*poule*, a fowl, and *griesche*, speckled gray). The name of several wild rasorial birds, more particularly the moor-fowl or red grouse of Britain."

That is very illuminating. It helps a great deal. It would have helped Mr. Asquith, I fancy, if he had consulted Drs. Ogilvie and Annandale on the precise meaning of the verb "to grouse" before he made his speech on "professional whippersnappers" in the House of Commons. But there is one word in that definition which is of the utmost value. It is the word "rasorial." You know what it means before I tell you. "Rasores" are the "gallinaceous birds or scratchers, an order of which the common fowl may be regarded as the type."

The verb "to grouse," therefore, is historic English. You can use it freely, friend the reader, from now to the end of the war, and feel quite comfortable in your mind that the mother-tongue is not being abused. Indeed, there would seem to be a special providence in the matter.

Lord Milner on "Prestige."

One would not, of course, connect Lord Milner with the Rasores. Or with the verb "to grouse." A person of the eminence of Lord Milner, however gloomy his view of the war, is not rasorial. He is a critic. Humble people "grouse"; eminent people "criticise": there is a world of difference, believe me.

In his latest criticism, then, of the course of the war, and of the conduct of those to whom we have entrusted the carrying-on of the war, Lord Milner made the following remark: "Prestige is the child of definite, solid success." This saying struck me at once as being challengeable; and, since I happened to be in the learned company of Drs. Ogilvie and Annandale, I asked them the precise meaning of the word "prestige." Here is their answer—

"Prestige. (Fr. *prestige*, fr. L. *præstigiā*, deception, juggler's tricks, fr. *præ*, before, and *striga*, a witch). Illusion, charm, fascination or imposture—influence based on high character or conduct; moral influence arising from past successes or achievements, regarded as the pledge or promise of future successes."

You will observe how easily we slide from "juggler's tricks" to "influence based on high character or conduct"! Of course, you are at perfect liberty to accept the word, if you choose, in its literal sense. Lord Milner's dictum, re-read in that light, comes out as follows: "Juggler's tricks are the children of definite, solid success." Turn the sentence the other way about, and you will have a very fair definition of much success that may, hitherto, have puzzled you a little.

A Low Estimate? But Lord Milner, evidently, did not refresh his memory by a talk with the learned doctors. He used the word "prestige" in its generally accepted sense, and, at that, told the world—for does not the whole world hang upon the lips of the House of Lords?—that prestige was the child of definite, solid success.

This, as it seems to me, was a hard saying. How many people are successful in this world? Could you make a list of a hundred?

Could you make a list of ten? Could you, if it comes to that, make a list of one quite successful person? Success, mind you, embraces a great many things. It embraces happiness as well as riches, peace of mind as well as fame, private respect as well as public applause. Think it over, and see how many successful people you really know.

But prestige is, with all deference to Lord Milner, a very different matter. Many a man who is not "successful" may lay claim to "influence based on high character or conduct." Look at the Army. Many a man who could not point to any particular "success," and who never expects or hopes to become a commissioned officer, has certainly won prestige.

I beg to submit the above remarks for the re-consideration of his Lordship.

"The Soldier's Cigarette."

"It seems to me," he continues, "that two entirely different styles are called for—not as class distinctions between brave men, but because the songs that appeal to the officers would probably not be so popular amongst the rank and file. Never having attempted to publish a verse in my life, and knowing that the waste-paper basket is yawning on your left, I am now going to illustrate my idea, and contend, further, that songs should preferably be of two verses only. If good, the audience will be disappointed that there is not a third verse; if bad, they will be agreeably disappointed that they have not got to endure a third."

This heroic person then plunges at the job in this way—

I. "FOR OFFICERS."

A cigarette! In days not long ago—
Though long it seems to me—that trifling thing
Was but the adjunct with the coffee served,
Yet brought with it the comment undeserved
From her I loved: "Your cigarette is King;
You heed me not, Belovèd, and I go!"

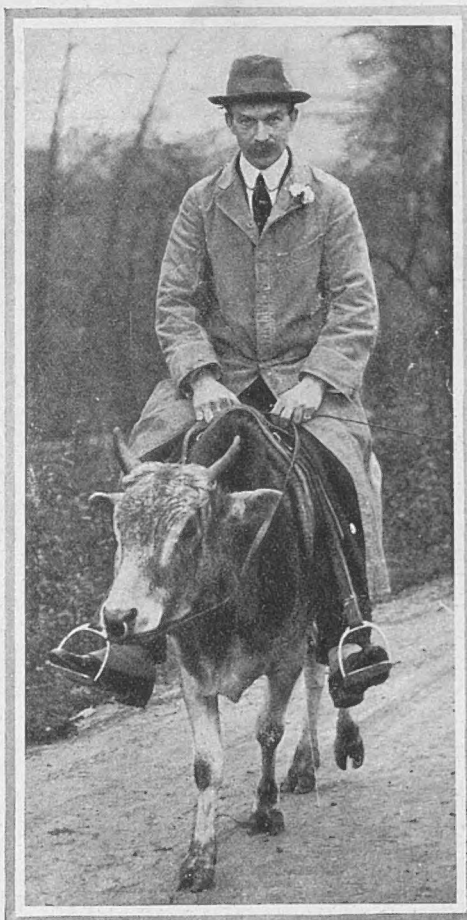
The star-shells glitter o'er the battle-plain,
Within the sodden trench I lie inert.
The shrapnel-splinters, dealing death around,
Cease to annoy, for in my pouch I found
A cigarette, and, crouching in the dirt,
I find good warrant for her sweet disdain.

II. "FOR PRIVATES."

A lengthy pipe the Teuton smokes,
The Prince enjoys a fine cigar,
But we are just the common blokes
Who take things lightly as they are.
For us who in the trenches roam
Few comforts come, alas! And yet
Still there remains the gift from home,
The solace-bringing cigarette.

Before I joined, the doctor said:
"Keep off the wretched fags, or soon
You'll see the universe go red":
The blessed fags are now a boon.
So light up, boys, and sing a song;
We're certainly not dead, you bet;
The campaign will not seem so long
Whilst still we've got a cigarette.

I leave the "Rasores" to deal with my correspondent as they think fit. In the meantime, I invite some of the many soldier-poets in the trenches, or out of them, to try "The Soldier's Cigarette" as an inspiration. Something immortal is sure to happen before the end of the war.



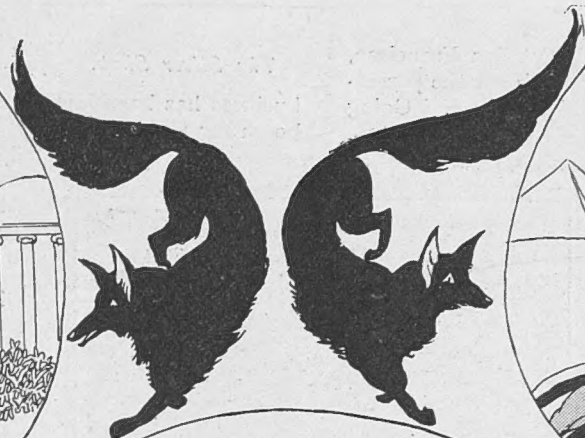
ROUGH ON THE COO? THE MAYOR OF
MAIDSTONE ON AN UNUSUAL MOUNT!

Mr. G. Tyrwhitt Drake, the new Mayor of Maidstone, lives at Cobtree, the Manor Farm of Dingley Dell, of "The Pickwick Papers." He has a remarkable collection of animals, wild and domestic, and has trained several lions. He is seen here on one of his numerous curious mounts.—[Photograph by C.N.]

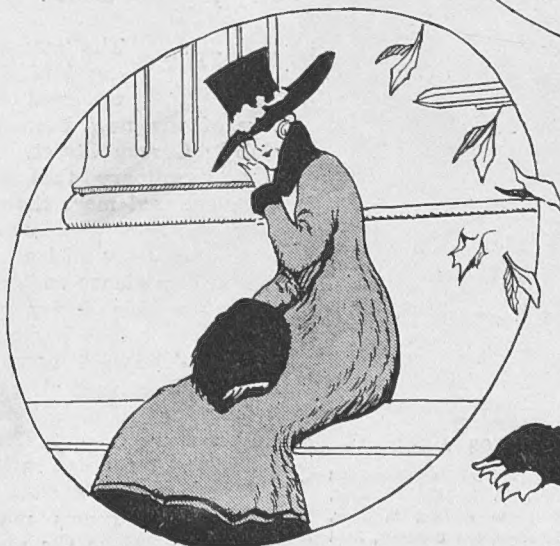
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: FURS FOR THE FAIR.



FOR THE FIANCÉE OF THE
FIGHTING-MAN FACING WINTER
IN THE TRENCHES: ERMINE.



FOR THE ARTFUL LITTLE LADY
FOR WHOM THERE ARE NO
BARRIERS: SILVER FOX.



FOR THE MODEST LITTLE THING: MOLE.

FOR THE WOMAN OF DARING:
LION-SKIN.



FOR THE TIMID ONE: HARE.

SMALL TALK

LORD and Lady Aberdeen, now due to arrive at San Francisco, will find the Californian capital pluming itself on the possession of the coming mistress of the White House. Going large, all the Galts have their home there, and all the Bollings too. Mrs. Galt may be claimed as a citizen twice over, for, besides being a resident, she is a "storekeeper." She owns a jewellery shop, and runs it in the person of one of the Bollings, her youngest brother. "Where did Wilson buy the engagement ring?" is the question of the moment in San Francisco.

Lady Anne at Bagdad. Lady Anne Blunt is, perhaps, the only Englishwoman who can follow the fortunes of our expedition in Mesopotamia with a perfect understanding of its itinerary. Twice she has travelled from the Mediterranean through Arabia, Mesopotamia, and parts of Persia. Once, after journeying eastwards to Bagdad, she and her party found among the letters awaiting them in that city an invitation from the Viceroy to spend the summer at Simla. This decided them to try the overland route to India. It was a rush through the sun from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf. Even their tents were as hot as stew-pans, and Lady Anne went for three months on end, in the early part of their journey in the desert, without sleeping in a bed.

Locust or Sardine? Part of the time, strangely enough, she was riding a horse she had bought from Sir John Nixon, our present Commander in Mesopotamia. Part of the time she was a prisoner in the hands of one of the Bedouin tribes of the Euphrate. She was probably the first European to set eyes on the tanks of Queen Zobeydeh, built among the red sands of Arabia; and locusts were her daily fare. Boiled locust, she avers, could easily hold its own among the *hors d'œuvres* of our restaurants. But Tommy, we believe, still thinks more kindly of the regulation eighteenpenny *table d'hôte* he sampled in Soho before he left for the East.

Among the Coffee-Cups. "At least one of the twenty-two might have sacrificed his coffee to be in his place," said Lieutenant-Commander Wedgwood, lamenting the absence of Cabinet Ministers during the Dardanelles discussion in the House. Josiah Wedgwood is worth listening to. Besides winning his D.S.O. at Gallipoli, he learned how to write there. Nobody who drives a pen at home can pack a page so full of vital stuff as the man who seizes the opportunity at the front. Josiah Wedgwood became a Joseph Conrad at a moment's notice, and his speeches are only less thrilling than his letters. Talking of coffee-cups, Josiah is a member of the potter's family. His wife, a clever woman with fellow-interests, is a daughter of the late Lord Bowen.

The Silver Shop.

Both the Duchesses of Sutherland will be at 14, New Bond Street on the 24th. Naturally, business has been languishing at the shop of late, but things should boom for the few hours that Duchess Millie is her own saleswoman.

The sort of at-home day next week is meant to inaugurate the Christmas season of shopping, which it is hoped will put her cripples, metaphorically speaking, on their legs again.

The Lonely Old Party.

Lord Courtney has been falling again into the habit of singularity. His speech in the Lords reminded one of old times. A stranger at a dinner-party long ago asked Mrs. Courtney, as she then was, if her husband were a Conservative. "Oh, no!" said she. "A Liberal?" "Oh, no!" came the answer. "Is he an Irish Member, then?" "Oh, no; he's a Party by himself."

A Cheyne Walker.

The unusual habit of mind is supplemented in Lord Courtney's case by an unusual habit of dress. Even in Chelsea, where he lives, he is noticeable, and Chelsea is less easily perturbed than Westminster. In the general gloom cast by the death of Sir Oswald Mosley, it is probable that Lord Courtney finds some consolation in the fact that he is now the only wearer of a top-hat half-mast high.

Mme. Inouyé.

There was a rather disappointing Aca- demical oiliness about the portrait of the Mikado before which Mr. Lloyd George and the others did homage last week. It might have come straight from the line at Burlington House, and its heavy gilt frame was worthy of a P.R.A. rather than a Hokusai. The whole Embassy is European, white paint and gold being the rule. The dining-room table, like the things on it, are quite characteristic of Grosvenor Square; and Mme. Inouyé talks English as fluently as her husband, who is also her cousin. She is a charming hostess, and carries her pretty blouses and her "Mme." with a grace made all the more noticeable by her many and very Japanese smiles.

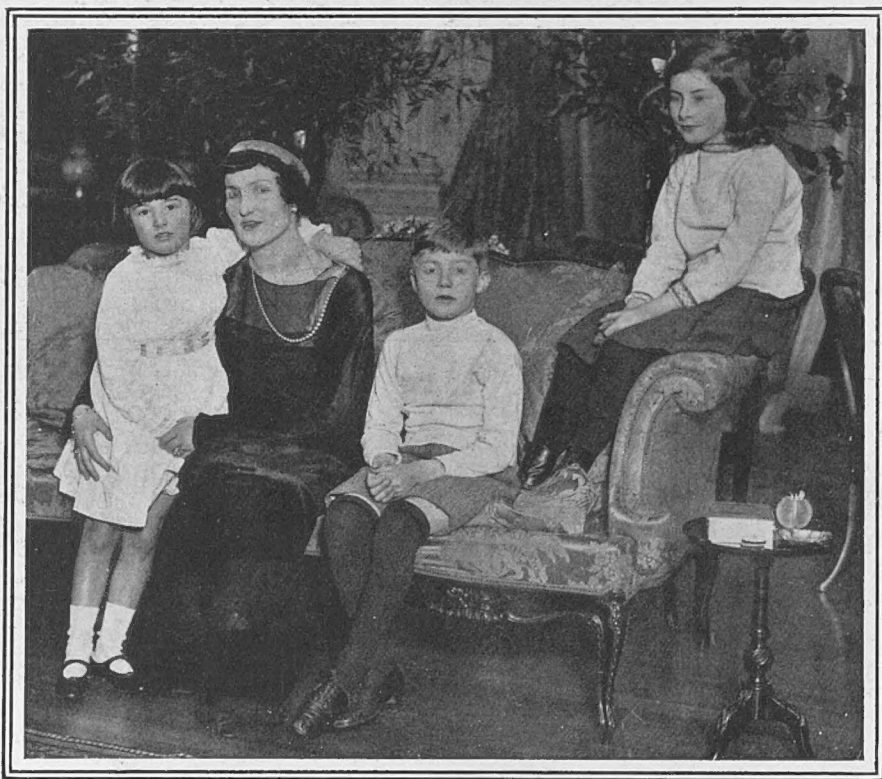
New Things in Clubs.

The "married quarters" are the great feature of the new women's club in Curzon Street. It is extraordinary that we have endured more than a year of war without some such device for mitigating the inconvenience endured by innumerable officers and their wives. The joy of a few days' leave in London is just about halved if it must be spent in an hotel, and the gloom of making good-byes is doubled in the atmosphere of *tables d'hôte* and an obsequious management. Since the military clubs have not seen their way to be useful in the matter, the Ladies' United Services Club enterprise is most opportune. Congratulations are due to Lady Annesley, Lady Violet Greville, Lady Forbes of Sempill, and the other Vice-Presidents.



THE WIFE OF A WOUNDED OFFICER: MRS. ARTHUR EVELYN ELLIS.

Mrs. Arthur Evelyn Ellis, who was quietly married, on Sept. 15, at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Ogle Street, Fitzroy Square, to Lieutenant Arthur Evelyn Ellis, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Harrington. Lieutenant Ellis is in the Rifle Brigade, and is the only son of the late Hon. Evelyn Ellis, and grandson of the late Lady Howard de Walden, and nephew of Sir Arthur Hardinge, Ambassador to Madrid. Lieutenant Ellis recently returned, wounded, from the front.



A PHILANTHROPIC PEERESS, WITH HER CHILDREN: THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER.

Lady Ancaster, who is ever eager to aid works of benevolence, and held a concert at her house on Nov. 11, in aid of the Stepney War Club, of which, with Lady Edmund Talbot, she is Joint President, was Miss Eloise Breeze, daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breeze, of New York, and married in 1905. Our group shows Lady Ancaster's daughter, Lady Priscilla Willoughby (born in 1909), the Countess, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the elder son (born in 1907), and Lady Catherine Willoughby, born in 1906.

Lord and Lady Ancaster have also a little son, the Hon. John Willoughby, born last year.

Photograph by Alfieri.

WOMEN OF THE WEEK: SOME FEMININE NOTABILITIES.



1. DAUGHTER OF A BRIGADIER AND MARRIED RECENTLY TO AN OFFICER OF THE R.F.A.: MRS. KEITH DUNN, FORMERLY MISS AVA KAYS.
3. A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN NOVELIST WHO HAS JUST PUBLISHED A NEW STORY: BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

The wedding of Mr. Keith Frederic William Dunn, of the Royal Field Artillery, and Miss Ava Kays, took place the other day at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Mrs. Keith Dunn is the daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Horace Kays.—Lady Henderson, before her marriage to Sir David Henderson, of Royal Flying Corps fame, was Miss Henrietta Caroline Dundas. She is a daughter of Mr. Henry R. Dundas. Her husband

2. WIFE OF THE FAMOUS CHIEF OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS, RECENTLY AWARDED THE LEGION OF HONOUR: LADY HENDERSON.
4. INTERESTED IN THE ALLIES' DOLL SHOW AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES: MRS. LOUIS DUVEEN.

has received the Legion of Honour.—Baroness von Hutten, whose new novel, "Birds Fountain," was recently announced, is a daughter of Mr. John Riddle, of the U.S.A. Her books include "Pam," "What Became of Pam," "Sharrow," and "Maria."—Mrs. Louis Duveen, wife of the well-known art-collector, arranged to sell dolls at the Allies' Doll Show, at the Grafton Galleries. The Show opened on the 12th.

Photographs by Rita Martin, Swaine, Yevonde, and Malcolm Arbuthnot.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

MISS NELLIE HOZIER has only lately put aside her nursing kit, for since her escape from Belgium she has been making herself useful at a hospital in England. Six months ago, when Colonel Romilly first suggested a distraction and a holiday, she said no. Six weeks ago, she said yes to the same proposal. If ever a girl has earned a rest, that girl is Miss Hozier. The five days

she spent in one of the severest penitential prisons in Belgium would have been enough to knock the spirit out of most people, but Miss Hozier has worked very hard since then, and has had her portrait painted by Winston into the bargain.

'Stone Walls Do Not—'

The first day of existence in a prison cell, with the harsh threats of a German officer still ringing in her ears, might well have been found dismal. Without a change of clothes, with no glass, no soap, no towel, and only a little muddy washing water and a great thirst, the prospect of being confined till the end of the war was discouraging in the extreme. But anybody who knows Nellie Hozier can well believe her when she says that she and her companions (fellow-nurses all of them) laughed

prison," she said—"bread and water. Until we receive drinking water regularly, we shall throw every bit of food we get out of the window."

Lively Baggages.

Later, a nurse imprisoned in a cell just over theirs let down a bit of string with a letter tied to a nail-brush. They sent an answer by the same string. Then

Miss Hozier attacked the bars with her pen-knife, which she blunted, without doing much injury to the bars. Still later, having secured a copy of the 'Oxford Book of English Verse,' she read Herrick aloud to all within earshot. Such were some of the consolations of a lively spirit. When, after a few days, the order for release arrived, she and her friends were sent home by way of Germany and Denmark. At nearly all stopping-places, when they were bundled from one train into another, they were alluded to as "ein Arzt und sieben Stücke"—one doctor and seven pieces. This struck them as the queerest of the many queer names they had been called by the enemy. "We would not have been surprised," says Winston's sister-in-law, "if at the end of our journey we had found ourselves covered with labels."

"Charters" No More. Sir Harry Verney, whose signature is affixed to the Minority Report of the

Agricultural Committee, must now be pronounced Varney. Nobody quite knows when such changes come about. They steal upon one in the night, to the confusion of footmen and "Burke."

Only a short while back it was accepted as the proper thing to abbreviate Charters into Charters. Now those who know best—that is, the family—pronounce all three syllables.

Specially Recommended.

An officer, twice wounded and feeling he has travelled all the Red Cross-roads of England, gives the palm, in particular, to a couple of hospitals. "When you come back," he said the other day to a departing friend, "try to get into No. —, Park Lane, or Lady Ridley's. At No. — the doctors are so clever, and at the other Lady Ridley is so clever."



TO MARRY LORD LANGFORD: MISS META MITCHELL-CARRUTHERS.

Miss Margaret Antonia (Meta) Mitchell-Carruthers is the eldest daughter of the Rev. W. and Mrs. Mitchell-Carruthers, of Little Munden, Ware, Herts. Lord Langford, who was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, is an Irish peer with a beautiful seat, Summerhill, in Co. Meath, which was occupied by the late Empress of Austria when she used to visit Ireland, years ago, for the hunting season.—[Photograph by Val V. Estrange.]

more during the first half-hour of confinement than prisoners ever did before.

Miss Hozier Rebels.

At half-past seven the next morning she and Miss Manners, who had shared the solitary blanket, were presented with two half-loaves bed and its solitary and two pewter mugs full of a brown liquid, cold, without sugar, and muddy. They tasted the liquid, and "with one accord, I am sorry to say," says she, "we flung the whole concern through the window bars." Then came the German Governor of the prison. "Miss Hoshier," said he, "Miss Hoshier, I believe you have been guilty of throwing your breakfast out of the window. Now remember, when my prisoners are good, I am kind; but when they are refractory I can be harrrd—oh, very harrrd!" Miss Hozier was not to be browbeaten. "There are two things we always exact in

At half-past seven the next morning she and Miss Manners, who had shared the solitary blanket, were presented with two half-loaves



MISS CATHERINE MCBRIDE, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. C. L. FISHER WAS FIXED FOR THE 15TH.

Miss McBride, whose marriage was arranged to take place very quietly, at St. Paul's Church, Avenue Road, Hampstead, on Monday, is the only daughter of the Hon. Sir Peter McBride, Agent-General for Victoria in London, and Lady McBride. Lieutenant Fisher, the bridegroom, is in the Royal Field Artillery, and is shortly proceeding abroad with his regiment.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



A SINGER FOR THE DISABLED BELGIAN SOLDIERS' HOME AT KENSINGTON: LADY SWAYTHLING.

The Wounded Allies' Relief Committee's Home is doing valuable work, and the concert given on Saturday should have added a substantial sum to its resources. Lady Swaythling organised the concert, and sang charmingly. Before her marriage, Lady Swaythling was Miss Gladys Helen Rachel Goldsmid. She is a daughter of Colonel Albert Edward Williamson Goldsmid, M.V.O.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



HONORARY WOMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN: LADY EDMONSTONE.

Lady Edmonstone is the wife of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, C.V.O., fifth Baronet. Before her marriage, in 1895, she was Miss Ida Agnes Forbes, and she is the daughter of the late Mr. George Stewart Forbes, who was a son of the third holder of the Forbes, of Newe, Baronetcy. Lady Edmonstone has three sons, the eldest of whom, Mr. William George Edmonstone, heir to the Baronetcy, was born in 1896. Sir Archibald Edmonstone was Groom-in-Waiting to King Edward VII.

Photograph by Swaine.

INTERESTING AND PICTURESQUE: WEDDINGS OF NOTE.



THE WEDDING OF VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS CAMPDEN
(MISS ALICE EYRE): THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



THE WEDDING OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. GÉOFFRÉY CORY-
WRIGHT (MISS FELICITY TREE): BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



VISCOUNT CAMPDEN'S WEDDING TO MISS ALICE EYRE: PICTURESQUE BRIDESMAIDS AND THE TRAIN-BEARER.

Much interest was shown in the two weddings illustrated above. Viscount Campden is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, both of whom were present at the Oratory. Others present included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, parents of the bride, the Countess of Errol, Lady Kilmarnock, and Viscountess Combermere. Miss Eyre's bridesmaids were Miss Edith and Miss Olga Eyre (sisters), Miss Kathleen and Miss Consuelo Eyre (cousins), and Miss Jane Noel, niece of the bridegroom. The bride's train-bearer, Master Henry Cavendish, wore a suit in the fashion of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy."

The two elder bridesmaids wore Gainsborough blue velvet, and the three little girls were in white satin. The Hon. Robert Noel acted as best man.—Many friends were at All Saints, for the marriage of Miss Felicity Tree and Captain Geoffrey Cory-Wright. The bridesmaids were Lady Diana Manners, Miss Iris Tree (the bride's sister), Miss Nancy Cunard, Miss Cory-Wright, and Miss Nelke; and in the congregation were the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Randolph Churchill, Miss Nelly Hozier, Lady Glenconner, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Parsons (Miss Viola Tree) and Mr. and Mrs. Max Beerbohm.



THE CLUBMAN

A WELL-THOUGHT-OUT SCHEME: THE FOREMOST UNPAID VOLUNTEER CORPS: EXIT GUY FAWKES.

Lord Derby's Groups.

The grouping under Lord Derby's scheme of all men of military age according to their ages, and according to whether they are married or not, will make it very easy, should it be necessary at any later stage of the war to resort to some measure of compulsion, to call in to the colours the men on whom the country has most claim, and of bringing, one after another, each class in as the necessity arises. I do not think that anyone can doubt that, if compulsion has to be used, the young unmarried men of nineteen and twenty who are doing no war work for the State should be the first men to be compelled to join the colours. No married man would be called up until the twenty-three groups of unmarried men are exhausted. Compulsion, however, is still a long way off, and if the persuasiveness of recruiters keeps the stream of recruits flowing as it is flowing now it will probably never be reached.

If Compulsion Comes. No doubt Lord Derby and his advisers, in thinking out their voluntary scheme, have also thought out the compulsory scheme, and it would be interesting to know whether, if compulsion comes, it will apply to foreign service or to home service only. There are at the present time in Great Britain numbers of battalions that are ready for foreign service, and are eating their hearts out to be in Flanders or Serbia, but who are retained at present for the defence of the United Kingdom, in addition to those Territorial battalions that have not volunteered. If the pressed men were used for the home-defence battalions, every voluntary soldier who desires to go abroad would have his wish fulfilled; and those of the pressed men who, once having taken the plunge, felt their courage rise high would also be given an opportunity to volunteer for the Expeditionary Forces. This, I think, must be the scheme that Mr. Winston Churchill had in his mind when he last made public allusion to the problem of compulsory service, and it has always seemed to me that the King and Government should have a right to call upon men to enter the Army to defend their homes, but that for service abroad only voluntary soldiers should be used.

The National Guard.

The City of London National Guard, 3000 of whom Lord Kitchener reviewed in the square of Wellington Barracks a while ago, seems to have established its position as the foremost corps amongst our unpaid Volunteers. It has received favour from the highest quarters, for the men of this corps in the spring marched past the King at Buckingham Palace with the Lord Mayor at their head, and I think that I am right in saying that they are the only corps of Volunteers that Lord Kitchener has inspected during the present war. The men in grey all over the country have felt a little sore that more official approbation has not been meted out to them, and that they have not been given a definite place in the defence of the country beyond being used sparingly for guards. As every man who speaks

with authority tells us nowadays that the supply of munitions is rapidly becoming satisfactory, there may soon be modern rifles to spare for the use of the Volunteers, and with the equipment and arming of the half-million men who have trained themselves for their country's defence there should certainly come an increase in their responsibilities. Lord Kitchener, in reviewing one Volunteer regiment, has paid a compliment to the Volunteer Training Corps all over Great Britain; and the patience and perseverance of the men in grey will, I am sure, eventually bring its reward in increased recognition.

The "Competent Military Authority."

I hope that the war has not killed Guy Fawkes. That malefactor has been carried through the streets in effigy and afterwards burned in a bonfire, with firework accompaniment, ever since days of "gun-powder treason and plot," and it would be a sad matter if Guido were to follow Jack-in-the-Green into oblivion because the Huns have plagued us with their gigantic gas-bags. I did not see a single guy this year during my walks abroad; and the small boys

from the mews, who are the great upholders of the Fifth of November tradition, must have been sorely puzzled by the announcement that if they wished to have a firework display they must obtain permission from the "competent military authority." I gather from quite other proceedings that Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., is a competent military authority. How surprised he would have been if on Guy Fawkes Day he had found his office at the Horse Guards besieged by ragged little boys with burnt-corked faces asking permission to let off crackers. Luckily for him, the small boys did not know to whom to apply.



THE NEW LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON AND HER "COURT": LADY WAKEFIELD, HER MAIDS OF HONOUR, AND HER PAGE—IN THE COSTUMES WORN AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

Lady Wakefield's maids of honour are all daughters of people well known in City life. Miss Stead and Miss Touche are daughters of the Sheriffs. Miss Freda Wakefield is a niece of the Lord Mayor. Miss Elizabeth Pollock is the daughter of the City Chamberlain, and a grand-daughter of Mr. Speaker Gully (afterwards Viscount Selby). Miss Beatrice Herbert is a niece of Lady Johnston, the ex-Lady Mayoress. Miss Gwen Marshall is a daughter of Sir Horace Marshall, and Miss Enid Roll is a daughter of Alderman Roll.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

The Lord Mayor's Procession.

The Lord Mayor's Ninth of November procession rests on a firmer foundation than does the frolic of the Fifth of November, and though its constitution and its object may change, the procession remains. When I was a small boy the principal objects of interest in the procession, next to the Lord Mayor in his wonderful State coach with his fat coachman on the box, were the men in armour. They were cavernous-cheeked, blue-chinned knights, their armour was made of tin, and the steeds they bestrode did not show much fire, but to a small boy they represented chivalry in its most attractive form. A London crowd would laugh at them nowadays. The procession, as a show, has saved itself from extinction by making its principal features a reference to whatever is the great matter of public interest. Last year we were all thinking of our armies streaming out to France and Flanders, and the troops who in a few days' or weeks' time would be in the trenches were enthusiastically cheered as they passed. This year the procession was a great recruiting parade, for we are all thinking now of the problem of keeping our armies up to their strength. May the procession next year be a welcome to our victorious troops home from the war!

RESIGNED — BUT NOT TO THIS!



Deadly Enemies Now!

TO MEET THE GERMANS IN EARNEST: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO PROPOSES TO JOIN HIS REGIMENT
AT THE FRONT—AT GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES WITH THE KAISER.

In view of Mr. Winston Churchill's unexpected resignation and his future plans, it is interesting to remember that the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty was a soldier before he was a statesman. It is but natural that he should propose to rejoin his regiment, the Oxfordshire Hussars, in which he holds the rank of Major. He has seen service

with the Spanish forces in Cuba, in 1895; with the Malakand Field Force, in 1897; with the Tirah Expeditionary Force; with the 21st Lancers at Omdurman; and with the South African Light Horse in the Boer War—a notable record for a politician who will not be forty-one until the last day of this month!

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

ZEPPELINANITIES.



THE AIRY HUMOUR OF THE HUN: A GERMAN AIR-RAIDER'S 'AIR-RAISING' NARRATIVE ILLUSTRATED BY OUR CARICATURIST.

The recently published German story of the Zeppelin raid over the London district on Sept. 8 was so comic that we hardly thought any efforts on the part of our Artist could make it more so. Yet we think he has succeeded even in that difficult task by these illustrations of the passages he has quoted, verbatim, from the German

air-raider's priceless narrative. We ought to add that we are not responsible for the numerical strength of the families ascribed to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. Our Artist in these matters has merely sought to give accurate expression to the fantasies of the German mind.—[CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

TULLY (NOT CICERO) ON FRIENDSHIP: AT THE CRITERION.



THE VIRTUCOUS TULLY, WHO HAS CONSENTED TO POSE AS THE HUSBAND OF FLUFFY, IS HYPNOTISED BY HER ANKLES: MISS RUBY MILLER AS MAIMIE SCOTT AND MR. ERNEST THESIGER AS BERTRAM TULLY, IN "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF."



FLUFFY IN HYSTERICS, BUT TULLY COULDN'T POSSIBLY THINK OF HOLDING HER FEET DOWN: MISS RUBY MILLER AS MAIMIE SCOTT; MR. GEORGE DESMOND AS JOHN AYERS; AND MR. ERNEST THESIGER AS BERTRAM TULLY.

The new farce at the Criterion, "A Little Bit of Fluff," by Mr. Walter W. Ellis, has been voted one of the best of its kind seen in London for many a day. It concerns an erring husband whose wife discovers suspicious circumstances regarding a night out during her absence. The husband, to explain his conduct, calls in the aid of a sanctimonious young man (named Bertram Tully, possibly in allusion to the "De Amicitia" of Cicero, also known as Tully). Anyhow, Bertram consents to act as the obliging friend, lies with reluctance, and gets into all sorts of comic predicaments,

through posing as Fluffy's husband. At one moment he dons his friend's pyjamas, and at another he is attired in petticoats and cushions to represent his own aunt. The part is excellently played by Mr. Ernest Thesiger, and Miss Ruby Miller was delightful as Maimie, the "little bit of fluff." Mr. George Desmond accomplished with great success the difficult task of taking at short notice the part of the erring husband, John Ayers, which Mr. James Welch was to have undertaken, but at the last moment was prevented by indisposition.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



A Talk to semi-Invalids,

— to the many people who are not ill, but seldom quite well; who, not having robust constitutions, have to take care, and can seldom enjoy a hearty meal.

For those in this condition—and among them are some of the brightest scientific and business intellects in the world—Benger's is a power for good, proving always agreeable and enjoyable in adverse conditions of health.

The fact that Benger's Food is self-digestive to an extent entirely under control, enables it, alone among foods, to be prepared so as to suit personal conditions. The importance of this cannot be overstated.

Benger's Food is served in the welcome form of a delicious soluble cream, in which the rich proteid contents of the new milk—with which it is prepared, and the highly nutritive elements of the Food itself, are partly ready for absorption. In this way the work of the digestive organs is lightened just as much as may be necessary.

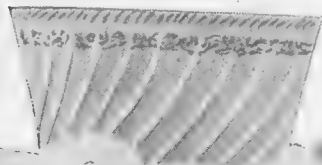
Consequently, it is comforting and nourishing when other foods disagree, and enjoyable, even to the many people who can neither take milk alone, nor milk and water.

Benger's Food is a boon to Invalids and the Aged. It is delicious in itself with a pleasing biscuit flavour, and used half and half with coffee or tea, it gives full refreshment with the digestive advantages of the Food.

Benger's Booklet—a little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:—

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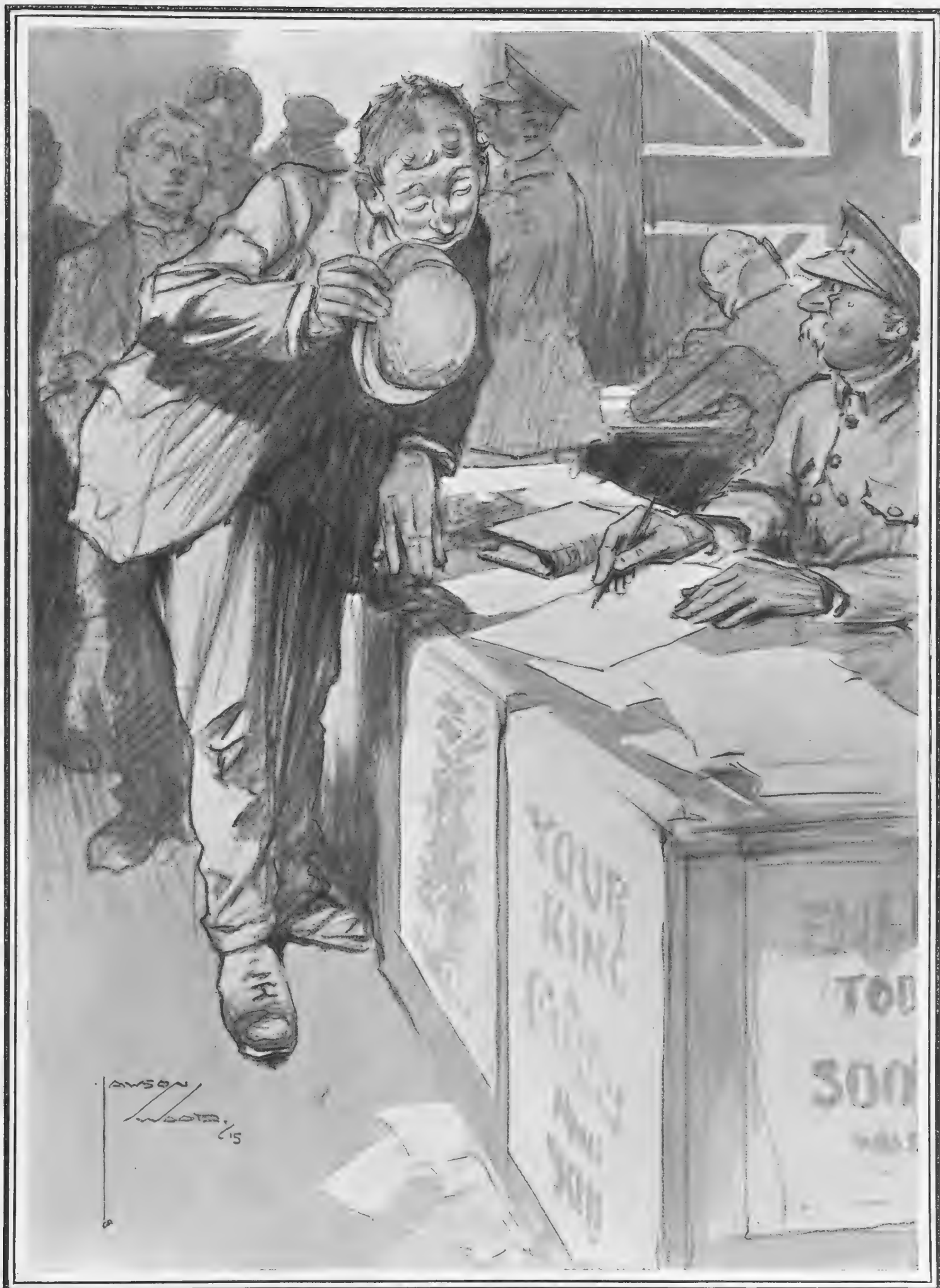
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B121



TOO PROUD TO FIGHT ?



THE RECRUITING OFFICIAL : One gran'father living ? Is he on your father's or mother's side ?

THE RECRUIT : Oh, 'e varies, Sir ; 'e sticks up fer both on 'em—a sort o' nootral.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Music Hath Charms.

Mitcham's meat may be Peckham's poison; while Caruso claims the cultured taste of Streatham, Deptford may take a keener delight in

the witticisms of Mr. George Robey—and Rotherhithe, indifferent to both, thrill only under the inspiring influence of Mr. Wilkie Bard.

Noises and Nerves.

If the scrap-paper statistician turned his attention to the gramophone craze, he would be able to prove strange things. How many leagues high would London's records reach if placed flat? How many army corps would be put *hors de combat* if all the gramophone tunes played in London on a Sunday afternoon were united in one great blast? How many Zeppelins would be driven away conscience-stricken by a similar concentration of sound?

Some Emotions and Music.

Popular as the gramophone is, however, it is doubtful whether

"The Æolian-Vocalion is fitted with an invention—the Graduola—by means of which the listener gains direct control of the instrument, and can make it roar, if he so pleases, as loudly as the lion, or as gently as any sucking dove."

the soul of any human being has been filled with perfect content over its performances. Even the most enthusiastic have had to admit that the machine that could do full justice to a comic sketch and deal faultlessly with Mme. Melba has yet to be found. After all, music is something more than a mere matter of sound and time. The poorest musician, the least inspired singer, puts some touch of originality into his work—some spark of individuality to raise it from a dead level of monotonous repetition. The pianist contortionist is quite a familiar figure. So is the singer whose emotions often drown her pride in her personal appearance. But the gramophone cannot cut capers. Grimaces are quite beyond its capacity. The "moving finger" of Omar isn't in it for callousness with the pointing needle, which grinds out tales of joy or sorrow with an equal indifference to shades of expression. Actors and singers have to reach a certain emphasis of tone to create a clear record, and the results are sometimes a little disturbing to the judicious mind. It is all very well to hear it announced in loud and defiant tone that someone fears no foe in shining armour; but when, with the voice of a stentor, another popular singer states his intention to sing you to sleep the effect is a little disconcerting, if not altogether absurd. Until lately there was no effective way of controlling the tone of the gramophone, and this deficiency was one of its greatest drawbacks. Shutters and other devices proved ineffective. They merely smothered the sound, and in no way improved the performance.

A Newcomer.

But the gramophone has now a new and serious rival—an instrument whose tone can be modulated at will. The new talking-machine is fitted with an invention—the Graduola—by means of which the listener gains direct tonal control of the instrument, and can make it roar, if he so pleases, as loudly as the lion, or as gently as any sucking dove. The lover can be made to sing of his affection in just those melting tones

which, in music at all events, are usually associated with that process. But, when sterner matters are toward, his vocal chords can be made to adjust themselves to the changed circumstances by the mere pressure of the fingers on an apparatus worked like a syringe.

The Unmusical Majority.

Sheer music is all very well for the technical expert. He can go to a concert and follow the tortuous mazes of an elaborate theme with intelligence and even enjoyment. But it is another and a quite different thing for the average person, to whom music is merely an impressionist sort of thing, and whose liking for it is in no way allied to technical knowledge. A glance at the audience at the opera—in the far-off days when Covent Garden was a feature of London's social life—or a concert proves that the average person is in the majority. For one person who understands and appreciates the true inwardness of a musical composition, there are twenty to whom it is merely a "pretty" piece, and twice that number to whom it conveys nothing at all—who, in fact, are frankly bored by it if they would only tell the truth.

The Æolian-Vocalion.

But all that is changed when one takes an active part in the performance, which is exactly what the new instrument, the Æolian-Vocalion, enables its possessor to do. By using the Graduola—a very easy business to learn, by the way—the pure note of the flute, the peal of the trumpet, the marvellous tones of the violin, are subtly preserved without any of the unmusical metallic qualities noticeable in the ordinary gramophone. To inspect the new instrument it is necessary to visit the show-rooms of the Orchestrelle Company, in



"By using the Graduola . . . the pure note of the flute, the peal of the trumpet, the marvellous tones of the violin, are subtly preserved . . . and, musical qualities apart, the decorative qualities of the Æolian-Vocalion as a piece of furniture can be gauged by Dolores' sketch."

New Bond Street. Its musical qualities apart, the decorative qualities of the Æolian-Vocalion as a piece of furniture can be gauged from Dolores' sketches. Of its musical qualities the company are willing to give a demonstration at any time, and a single visit will suffice to convince the curious of its superiority to any known instrument of the gramophone type.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR.



THE PESSIMIST: What's up?
THE OPTIMIST: Thumbs!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



WHEN ELI GREW AGITATED.

By H. P. HOLT.

THERE was trouble in that select little community known as the New York Customs Office—bad trouble that promised to become worse if someone did not do something. The chief had, in a figurative sense, put on his heaviest boots, for kicking purposes; and some of the brightest spirits in the preventive office felt particularly uneasy, because on the rare occasions when the chief kicked he kicked painfully hard.

The worst of it was that everyone knew exactly what was the cause of the trouble. It would have been a sheer joy for any of them to tear that merry Englishman, Eli Hawkins, limb from limb, but there was no direct evidence against Eli. And it was Eli Hawkins's second object in life to see that no such evidence cropped up. His first object in life was to smuggle diamonds into the United States, with all the attendant profit thereto, and Eli pursued his calling with the stealth of a serpent and the wisdom of the proverbial owl. He was on nodding terms with several of the Customs brigade, nearly all of whom would have liked to bite his head off, and with at least two preventive men he maintained relations which appeared to be almost friendly. One of them was Hagon, a vindictive person who had burnt his fingers with Eli on more than one occasion; but Eli, who was good-natured, forgave him and held out the olive-branch. Hagon grasped that olive-branch, though not with the best of intentions. If he wasted time chatting idly with the diamond-smuggler, he had hopes that it would eventually lead him to get a bit of his own back, to say nothing of the incidental glory. Eli's other particular friend in the dutiful band was Riley, a bright lad who was sane enough not to allow a strict eye to business to warp his general outlook on life.

When the chief put on his kicking boots, he made it extremely clear that Uncle Sam's revenue was being feloniously stopped to the tune of many, many thousands of dollars a year by a one-horse individual named Eli Hawkins; and that if the Customs officials did not put a stop to it a cyclone would be child's-play compared with the thing that would burst upon them. In the ordinary way, the chief was inclined to be dignified, but when he had occasion to refer to Eli Hawkins he grew green and white at the wattles.

There was nothing remarkable in the fact that Eli's sins should be known. Many a man has gone a long way through life with twenty years' penal servitude dogging his heels, and smiling (in a pained sort of fashion) all the time because, though he knew, and he knew the police knew, there was the all-important link of proof missing. And Eli's second object in life should be borne in mind.

He was impudent, but he was astute, as they must be who choose such a thorny path if they wish to negotiate it without pricking their feet badly in the process. Uncle Sam has friends in many countries to take a fatherly interest in any traveller who acquires precious stones, and many a man, asserting boldly that he had nothing to declare when he landed at New York, has been amazed at the suave yet uncanny directness with which the authorities there pounced on his possessions and put them through a metaphorical sieve until innocent jewels were unearthed. It is an unpleasant process, but one to which the uninitiated must submit if they will be so childish.

So far Eli Hawkins had never been caught, and he used to touch wood with a grin when he chanced to observe that fact. He had, however, the advantage of knowing that the searchlights were on him every time and all the time. In his wanderings he hardly ever knew friend from foe, so he never fell into the fatal error of letting his right hand know exactly what his left one was doing. Exactly how Eli disposed of his treasures within the States was a matter that often puzzled the chief; but that was Eli's business,

and, whatever anyone could say against Mr. Hawkins, they would never have dreamed of suggesting that he did not know his business. Although it would have been a great feather in the cap of any preventive man to dig that vital secret out, they all knew the task was hopeless. An infinitely easier performance would be to catch him red-handed; but for a long time that had been beyond them. And it must not be supposed that the New York Customs officials know nothing of the gentle art of smuggling diamonds. They have an almost miraculous prescience in such matters, and the little worm that would wriggle out of the way of those early birds has to get up so early that he hardly has any time in bed at all.

Eli had been submitted to every known test, and he was too wise to squeal when he was submitted to tests that are not known to the general public, for justice was not really on his side, but he maintained an air of the injured innocent with aggravating monotony. Traps were set for him in Paris, in London, and on board ship, yet he came up smiling every time and prospered exceedingly.

There was one occasion when the chief read a cable with great joy, and gathered his forces together in New York to crush the enemy into impalpable powder. One of Uncle Sam's agents, staying at a luxurious Liverpool hotel, had with his own fair hands sold to Eli Hawkins a diamond of great price. Eli examined it carefully, paid for it with spot cash, put it in a wallet, and walked straight down to the boat that was leaving for New York. Eli was never out of the agent's sight for one second until he stepped on board, and the cable was not despatched to the chief until the vessel was actually going down the Mersey. Here was irrefutable evidence that Mr. Hawkins had at least one diamond on him, and the chief was resolved to open him with surgical instruments in quest of it if all other methods failed.

There was ominous silence when the supreme moment came, but Eli laughingly "declared" the gew-gaw, paid the duty on it, and walked through the meshes.

"You never thought of getting this past, I s'pose?" queried an inspector, who felt as amiable as a rattlesnake with the toothache.

"My dear lad," replied Eli, with raised eyebrows, "why should I do such a thing? I don't mind telling you I bought it off one of your own men, and, as I can make a clear hundred pounds on the deal after paying the duty, why should I descend to trying to rob your beautiful country? I do know a bargain when I see one, and this stone was cheap at the price."

As Eli walked away, the inspector bit his lip reflectively, a prey to various emotions.

Such incidents had not converted New York into a bed of roses for Mr. Hawkins, but, as he made his living there, he put up with it, and precious stones continued to drift mysteriously into the State.

It was known that Eli, after his successful career of running contraband, was a man of considerable substance, and that with his accumulated pile he would be in a position to handle stones, or collections of stones, worth a young fortune. But there is a limit to every man's audacity, and when the Duchess of Waring's famous diamond necklace openly came into the market in England the chief scoffed at Hagon's idea that it was just the sort of thing Eli was likely to tackle.

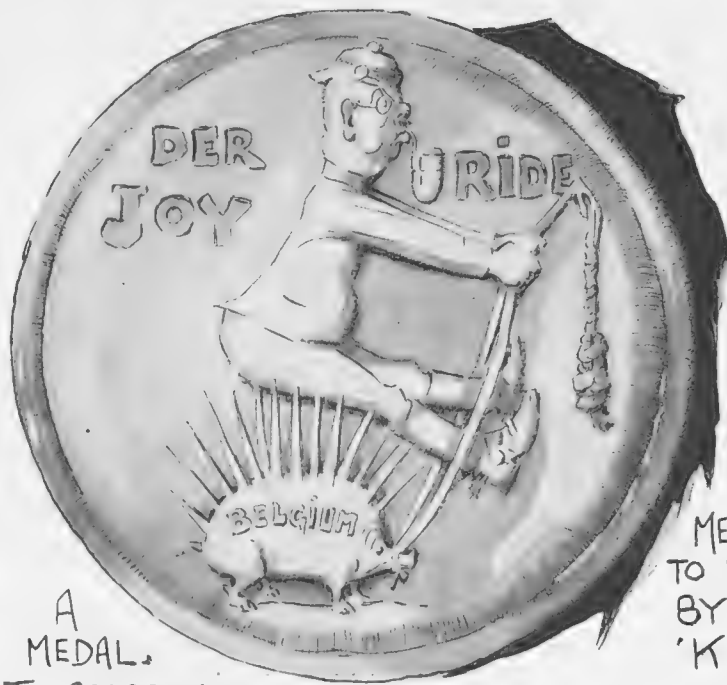
"There's many a dollar princess who would give her ears to wear that necklace, and Hawkins knows it," said Hagon.

"The job is too big even for him," replied the chief, but there was a dubious note in his voice. He was not at all sure, in his inmost heart, that Eli would draw the line anywhere.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hawkins had fully realised that a good

(Continued overleaf.)

OUR OFFER TO GERMANY! SOME NEW MEDALS.



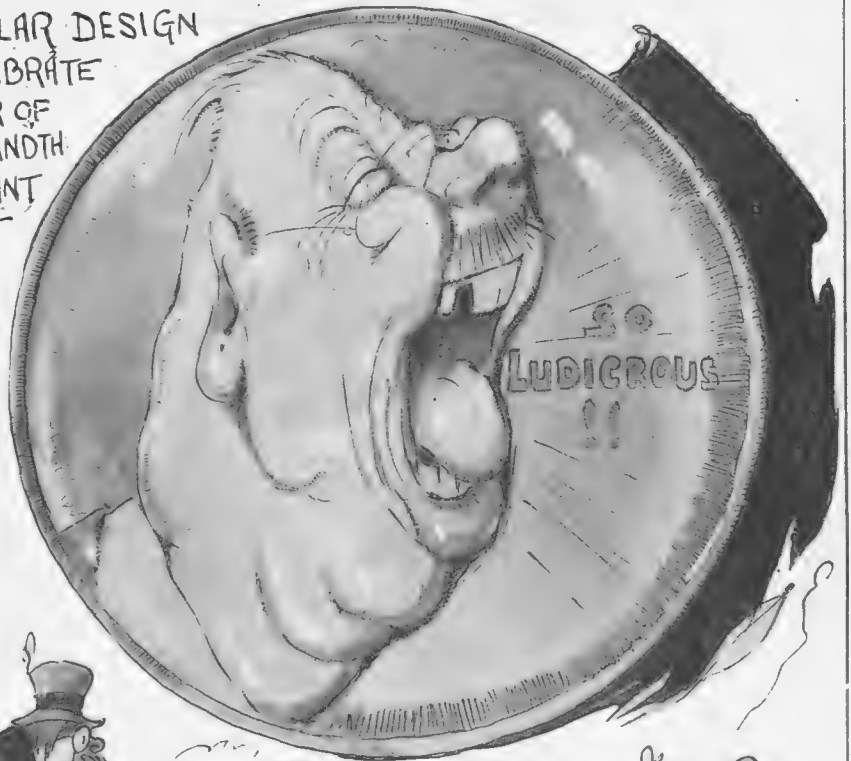
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The "Strand Magazine" tells us that Germany has many war medals, notably one celebrating the bombardment of Scarborough and Hartlepool, and others in anticipation of

the fall of Paris, in praise of the Crown Prince, eulogising Zeppelins, laughing at the Allies, and commemorating the "blockade" of England! Here are some suggestions for more.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

many dollar princesses were positively tingling to adorn themselves with the famous, shimmering string, and it did occur to him that to smuggle those diamonds into America would not only mean vast wealth for himself, but the feat would form a fitting finish to his career of money-grubbing. None knew better than he that it is the pitcher that goes most often to the well which gets broken, and Eli shuddered at the idea of losing every penny he had so ingeniously worked for through one unhappy blunder. He was already in a position to rest on his oars for the remainder of his days, and though there is a hideous fascination about the flowing tide that is carrying one on to gilded fortune, he knew it was time for him to stop, leaving well alone. But though many of us have wisdom, we do not always exercise it, and Eli Hawkins was essentially human. The thought of the Duchess of Waring's necklace worried him night and day, and at last the wiseacres of the Customs department smiled knowingly when the word passed round that Eli Hawkins had sailed boldly for England. Of course, it was only guess-work that led the wiseacres to form their own conclusions; but Eli was not addicted to crossing the Atlantic on pleasure, and the wolves were well on his track by the time he arrived in London.

For a while he lived the ordinary life of the opulent traveller, staying at the most expensive establishment he could find, and the wolves skulked in the background. Quite a considerable sum was spent by one or two enthusiastic sleuths in checking Mr. Hawkins's movements, but Eli never seemed to do anything more incriminating than visit various theatres and sip the different pleasures which his banking account entitled him to.

Meanwhile, the famous necklace changed hands in a perfectly normal and unostentatious manner. It was purchased, for a sum almost equal to a King's ransom, by a reputable lawyer who, when questioned by reporters, said he was acting for a client in Paris. Carrying an unostentatious leather case, the lawyer went to the Universal Safe Deposit and left the case there, as immovable as if it had lain at the bottom of the sea with a mountain to hold it down.

One or two cables were handed to the chief in New York, and, after nibbling the end of a pen reflectively, he issued precautionary instructions, in consequence of which a pair of eyes incessantly watched the Universal Safe Deposit from an opposite window, in case the lawyer might make the next move.

That Eli's stay in London was not as guiltless as it looked was a foregone conclusion, but there was no apparent connection between him and the necklace, and there probably never would have been had not the lawyer, in all innocence, made a personal call on Eli Hawkins at his comfortable hotel. With admirable tact, Eli hid his true feelings and refrained from throwing the man of law into the street; but though he remained outwardly calm he had an almost irresistible desire to suffocate his visitor and poke the body up the chimney, for he needed nobody to tell him that a very interesting piece of information would flash across the sea for the edification of the chief. He could picture that gentleman treating himself to an extra large cigar on the strength of it, with a smug countenance. Eli was undoubtedly very angry, and from one point of view he had cause, for a blind, deaf, and dumb cockroach would have had nearly enough sense to make four out of such an obvious two and two.

The watch on the Universal Safe Deposit was doubled, and Eli pretended not to notice the movements of sundry people whom he encountered more frequently than coincidence could account for. As he continued to enjoy himself in his own sweet way, that was put down to bluff, and the wolves settled down to play a waiting game. Unless the necklace came into the market in England again, they had Mr. Eli Hawkins in a vice; but how long he would remain there nobody felt very sure.

An awkward complication arose when he booked his passage for Australia, for, though it was clear he intended to take a little trip around the world and enter New York by the back door somewhere along the Pacific coast, there was no telling what manoeuvres he might perform *en route*. The chief did not look quite so smug when he heard the news, but when he learnt that Eli had actually gone on board the vessel and then cancelled his passage he scratched his head in perplexity. The wriggle might mean several things. First, the lawyer had not removed the treasure from the Universal Safe Deposit. Of that fact there was no doubt—but the question as to whether the necklace was actually in the carefully guarded case began to be problematical. Secondly,

no sane person, and certainly not Mr. Hawkins, would trust a necklace worth a fabulous sum to anyone on the Australian liner when a false move with it would end in such dire consequences. Confusion became more confused when the chief was informed that Eli, in the brightest of spirits, was on his way to America in an Atlantic liner.

At the end of the trip there was awaiting the wanderer a net of such a fine mesh that a gnat would have been puzzled to find a way through, and of the men who came on board the *Caronia* Eli recognised quite four who were hankering to fly at his throat. One was trying to appear important with a bunch of official-looking papers, keeping two gimlet-like eyes on Eli the while. Another smoked in melancholy fashion, as though funerals were his only joy in life. Riley was there with the little camera behind which he always sought to create preoccupation; and there was Hagon. The latter two, being on an apparently friendly footing with Eli, chatted with the wanderer as well as other passengers, and after it was ascertained that Eli had presented a fair passenger with a large box of chocolates on the voyage a quite unnecessary delay in the form of a minute search was occasioned for that young lady when she got ashore. Such a simple move did not sound like the handiwork of Eli, but this was an occasion on which no chances whatever could be taken.

Eli himself was scandalised by the way he was overhauled. As usual, he travelled with very little luggage, but he was given clearly to understand that the game was up this time. He grew furious when his own undeveloped photographic plates were tampered with, and he sighed sadly when the sleuths even took the buttons off his clothes and dissected them. His shoes—thin, unsubstantial affairs—were probed and put under magnifying-glasses; and Mr. Hawkins began to fear for his personal safety as continued failure fanned the wrath of the wolves. So far they had drawn a blank, and they were inclined to foam at the mouth through sheer chagrin.

It was unusual for the chief to take part in these unedifying details, but this was a big-game hunt of the first magnitude, and he hovered about like a restless pea in a hot pan. When the last shred of the wanderer's possessions had been subjected to the closest of scrutinies, there was an anxious consultation, and it was confessed there were no adequate grounds on which Mr. Hawkins could be detained any longer. It hurt the chief to agree, worse than having a row of teeth extracted, but Eli was allowed to gather up his belongings and merge himself into New York. Even then his troubles were not over, because the wolves clung to him as faithfully as his shadow for weeks, until it became apparent that he was leading a perfectly inoffensive life and nothing could make him do otherwise.

The finer edge of the Customs authorities' vigilance wore off in the course of a few months, especially as they had nothing definite to go upon, and the chief secretly came to the conclusion that Eli had fooled them by stirring up all the pother for nothing. The following autumn Mr. Hawkins surprised everyone by announcing that he intended crossing the Atlantic for the last time. He intimated that he had finished with business and intended to leave it alone for the future; but meanwhile he had a little affair of the heart to attend to, not unconnected with the lady to whom he had presented the chocolates. She had graciously consented to join him in double harness, and he was going to make his home in England.

By chance the boat that carried him away also carried one Riley, late of the New York Customs department, who, it was understood, had resigned in consequence of a legacy coming his way. The ship was far out to sea when Eli and Riley happened to draw together behind large cigars in a secluded corner of the deck. Each in his way looked tolerably contented. The cigars were of a most expensive brand, and it was a most excellent evening.

"You'd make a wonderful actor, Eli," said Riley quietly. "I never in my life saw a man look so desperately scared as you did that day when you were escorted off to be searched."

"Actor!" exclaimed Eli, gazing reflectively at the glowing end of his cigar. "Believe me, it was genuine. Jimmie, my boy, I never told you, but I was in an absolute green blazing funk. My knees were giving way. I could have sworn pink that you'd bungled everything by picking up the wrong camera. It gave me a horrible shock, and I nearly died of fright until they opened the one I took ashore and I saw it wasn't the one with the diamonds in it."

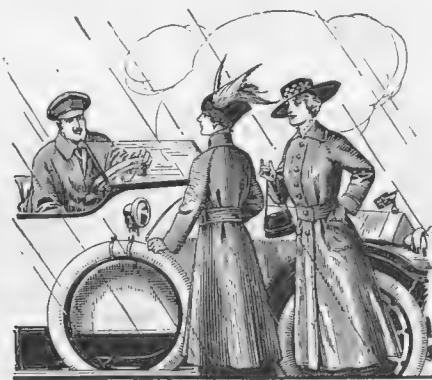
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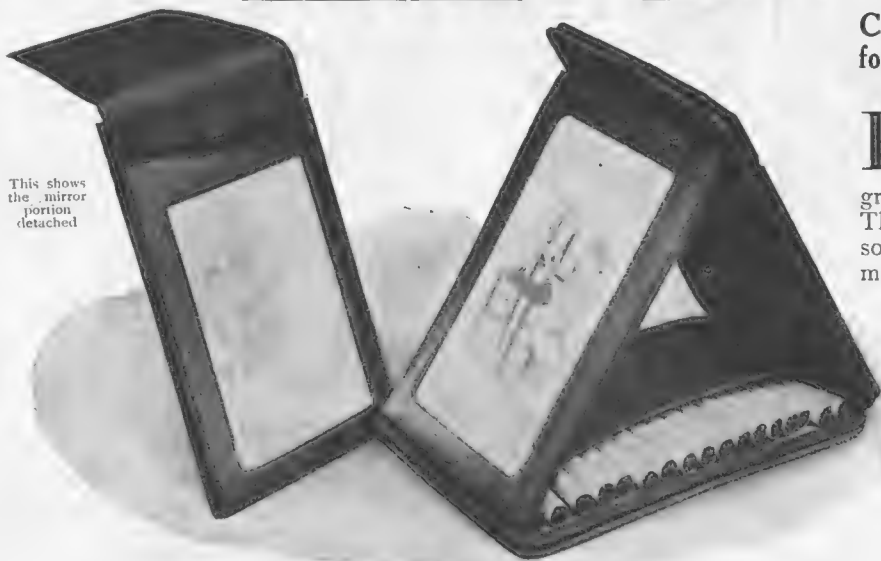
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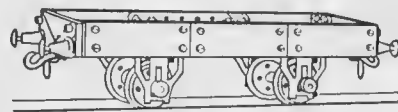
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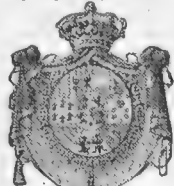
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Community Plate is heavily electro-plated by a special process with pure silver on a base of the finest nickel silver. The parts most subject to wear are then reinforced with a visible disc of solid silver, making Community Plate practically wear-proof. In ordinary family use it will last a life-time.

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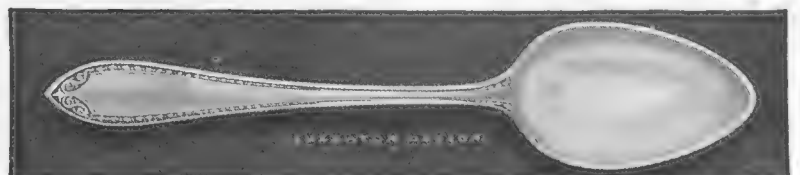
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Guaranteed for Fifty Years

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Tiaras at Rest.

How long ago is it since anyone saw a tiara? I heard a great lady, who possesses three, say she had forgotten what they were like. Another great lady said she would have sold hers and sent the money for the Red Cross, but it was an heirloom; yet a third said she hoped hers would spend the rest of its time in the strong-room: she owed it so many headaches, it deserved incarceration for life. Yet one would sorrow if the tiara went permanently out of fashion, because it is so beautifully British. No one could call it an invariably becoming ornament. It is not too comfortable to wear; it may have artistic merit; and it is imposing, and Englishwomen can wear it imposingly. In no other country in the round world could such a sight be seen as at a Court Ball in London, or a Gala Night at the Opera. Some Frenchwomen would not wear tiaras if you gave them to them. They would have them re-made into *chic* jewelled hair-ornaments. Austrian and Russian ladies love jewels, and wear many; but only a few have tiaras. Italians do not much care for them; only a few Spanish ladies have them; Americans, of course, swell the ranks of our tiaraed circles here; and German-Fraus, well, no doubt they are living in hope of their menkind taking them looted ornaments of this kind. All one can say is that the Huns may possibly learn that German women cannot wear what English women can not merely wear, but wear with dignity and distinction.

Patriotic Poverty.

Some of the ladies of the Economic League can afford to dress in accordance with its principles. Others fulfil the spirit but not the letter of their law. They look inexpensive, but are, in reality, costly. Some, of course, preach and do not practise. Now a real patriot does none of these things; and I know a lady of light and leading whose reality in this respect is not to be doubted. Nicely turned out, she looks attractive and up to date; her position is unassailable, and she is one of the best. Now she dresses like her housekeeper—while that functionary is on the premises—and goes about on foot. Much has she suffered for her country. A shopman told her he must ask her to carry her purchase home, assuring her that her betters did it quite cheerfully! A taxi-man, on one of her rare bursts of extravagance, rang the servants' bell when she told him to get the door open for her; and one day when she went to a registry-office to replace a footman by a girl, the lady in charge said: "Cook or working housekeeper?" Now, that is suffering for being patriotic; and it is a worse kind than that inflicted for being beautiful! The Economic League is called "the stool of repentance" because so many of its members were formerly the extravagants to whom nothing appealed unless it was costly.

To be Sold : A Bargain.

German blood, or that in the lineage of many patriotic people which is called by that sanguinary name, is at a discount. The saying ascribed to the Kaiser when he cut himself, that he hoped the last

drop of English blood in him would go, would be echoed by many of our loyal friends, who were of the Fatherland away back; or have half German parentage, or grand-parentage, if they were of the same direct and unimaginative character as the War Lord. I heard of a Royal lady, in days gone by a great admirer of her kinsman the Kaiser, saying: "What would I not give if I could blot out of my lineage all connection with Germany!" It is comprehensible just now, when the Germans have shocked civilisation. Pure nationality is, however, a rare thing nowadays; and a mixture of Briton and Teuton may be, and frequently is, quite all right if the Briton predominates through environment and greater strength of character on the British side. Our Royal family have this great advantage added to one still greater: the admixture of German in their blood was before Germans had been brutalised by pride and lust of power! Their German forebears were gentlemen—a thing despicable in the eyes of the war-mad Germans of to-day!

The Two Mother and daughter, they have taken up more than their fair share of true grit. Lady (Arthur) Paget fell down the lift-well of her house in Belgrave Square and was so injured that Sir F. Treves, who went to see her at King Edward's wish, said that not in the South African War had he seen such a wreck. She pulled through painful treatments that would have killed many a man, and since war broke out has gained thousands for war relief. To-morrow (the 18th) she has a Russian Day Matinée. Lady (Ralph) Paget is the intrepid friend of the Serbs; friend, too, of the Bulgarians in the last Balkan War. She braved typhus, fell a victim to it, and was no sooner convalescent than she went back to nurse and help again. Now she is in the hands of the Bulgarians—which is not so bad as being in those of the Austro-Germans. An Anglo-American mother and daughter of whom both countries must be proud.

The Modern Love for Antiques.

The present which infallibly pleases is something genuinely antique. There is in Debenham and Freebody's antique-gallery a variety of genuine and beautiful old things in splendid preservation, which gives choice in character and in price. The old needlework is especially fascinating; and as an example of moderate price, I may mention a tapestry Queen Anne cushion, lined and fringed, for 18s. 6d.—this is a clever reproduction. Bead-work bags, with pinchbeck frames, are very acceptable gifts, and of these there is excellent choice, from 25s. The choice of samplers is also very wide. Needlework pictures, very fine and absolutely genuine, can be had from seven and a-half guineas. There are all kinds of antiques—silver, glass, china, lacquer, jewellery, lace, ivory, and small pieces of furniture. These have been purchased for the firm by experts all over the country, and the collection is real treasure-trove for the present time; the best will be snapped up by the early customers.



A GROUP OF ORIGINAL MODELS.

The left-hand figure shows one of the new sleeveless evening-wraps, carried out in green taffeta, trimmed with dull-gold embroideries and white fur. On the right is seen a black taffeta dinner-dress with a waistcoat effect and frills of black chiffon velvet, and a touch of silver at the waist. The centre figure wears a banana-coloured taffeta dress, the narrow shoulder-bands being of skunk; and there is a deep red rose placed at the end of the tunic.



Solid Silver Tea Service

in Georgian pattern with Gadroon
mounts, consisting of Teapot
(holding one pint),

Sugar Basin and Cream Jug.

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made of the best black wild boar
bristles, set in clusters in a pneu-
matic rubber pad—passes through your
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Mason Pearson does its work more
pleasantly and more effectively than
any other type of brush yet devised
and by stimulating the skin action,
improves the condition and appearance
of the hair.
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high-class chemists, stores, and hair-
dressers, — "Standard," 7/6; extra
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WAR-TIME FURS AT WAR-TIME PRICES

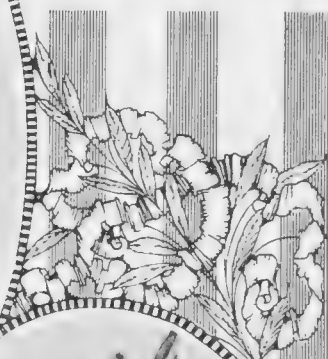
A USEFUL forethought at the present time is to spend with
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value for the money expended.

Probably there will never again occur such an excep-
tional opportunity for securing the wonderful value in Furs, as
that which is now being offered.

Two Typical Examples:

This smart tailless pure White
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Shaped Pillow Muff, in the latest
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A very smart Tie, made of fine
quality Skunk, trimmed with
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This Company took advantage
of the exceptional conditions
brought about by the War, by purchasing a very large quantity of
high-grade skins at considerably below their actual value, and have
now made them up in a variety of fashionable models, which are
being offered at remarkably low prices.

The following are further examples of the exceptional value offered:

Natural Musquash Coats, from	£17	Black Fox Stole and Muff, from	£10
Seal Musquash Coats	£25	Canadian Lynx	£10
Ponyskin Coats	£18	Skunk	£19

A New Booklet just published—entitled "War-Time Furs
at War-Time Prices," containing 28 pages of beautiful
illustrations of the newest designs in Furs, will be sent
Free on application.

The
INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE
163-165 REGENT STREET. LONDON. W.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

WAR CARS : NIGHT STREET-SIGNS : "CAMPAIGN COMFORTS" : "LAND" AND "AIR" SPEEDS.

The Beauty of the Mechanical.

As a motorist, I found the splendid display of transport and other vehicles which wound up the Lord Mayor's procession delightfully inspiring, and more especially the travelling workshop, with forge ablaze, and the armoured cars, which were beautifully handled. The extent to which, however, some people are still ignorant of motoring matters, and judge by appearances alone, was shown the next day in the description in the *Daily Telegraph*, which referred to the armoured cars as "queer, ugly things, as shapeless as those weird ships the ironclads of thirty years ago." As a matter of fact, the guns and armour were mounted on Rolls-Royce chassis, and the cars, despite their tops, possessed all the beautiful mechanical refinements and smooth running associated with the most costly of limousines. A Rolls-Royce chassis would still be a Rolls-Royce even if fitted with a van-top, and instead of talking of "shapelessness," the descriptive writer in question might reasonably have been expected to comment on the marvellous adaptability of the modern car, which years of application on the part of its designers have brought to such a pitch of perfection that it is equally well able to convey a queen to her palace or an armoured turret into action.

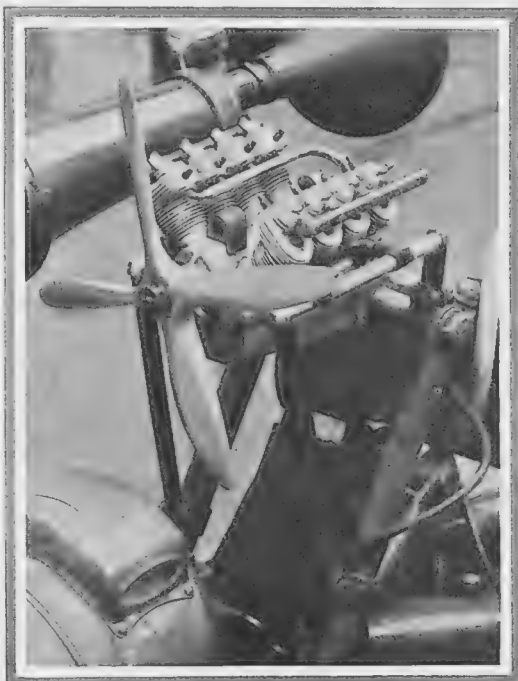
Useful Signs.

Many and various are the regulations throughout the country concerning the use of lamps, and, in view of the difficulties arising from the absence of any indications to motorists that they are entering restricted areas, the Automobile Association lately circularised the municipal authorities, offering to supply, free of charge, transparencies with the words "Reduce Lights," to be placed within the street lamps on the main roads at the boundaries of certain towns. Already over thirty boroughs have been furnished with these transparencies, and they should serve to obviate unwitting transgressions of the local lighting regulations. The Birmingham City Council, moreover, has decided to place ruby-coloured bulbs on the city boundaries wherever there are no street lamps. As regards the whitening of kerbs, nearly forty towns have up to now adopted the idea, which was first put forward by the A.A.

Campaign Comforts.

While there are innumerable appeals before the public concerning various effects and aspects of the war, there are some which make especial demands upon particular sections of the community. Motorists, at all events, should lend a sympathetic ear to the Campaign Comforts Fund, which addresses itself to the needs of the Mechanical Transport columns of the Army Service Corps. The drivers and mechanics who have done and are doing such effective work at the front—over sixty thousand of them in all—in nearly every case plunged directly

from civilian work into the rigours of a campaign, without military training or any opportunities of hardening themselves in advance. They have, nevertheless, endured long hours—and cases have been known of motor-lorry or ambulance drivers remaining at the wheel for two days and nights of continuous driving—and have incurred constant risks in crossing shell-swept areas while conveying wounded, reinforcements, ammunition, and supplies. The Fund in question, therefore, has been hard at work for months past in despatching driving-gloves, soap, dubbin, bachelors' buttons, and other useful and acceptable articles not ordinarily obtainable and most thankfully received at the front. No fewer than 238,000 gifts have been sent in all, but now that winter has set in and Christmas is approaching, a special appeal is put forward for renewed help for our drivers in every fighting area, from Belgium to the Balkans. Princess Arthur of Connaught is Patroness of the Fund, assisted by a committee of ladies, all of whom are thoroughly familiar with the special wants of the drivers and mechanics, and know how to use to the best advantage the funds placed at their disposal. Gifts in money or kind should be sent to 7, Rosebery Avenue, E.C., and no motorist should allow the opportunity for seasonable benevolence to escape.

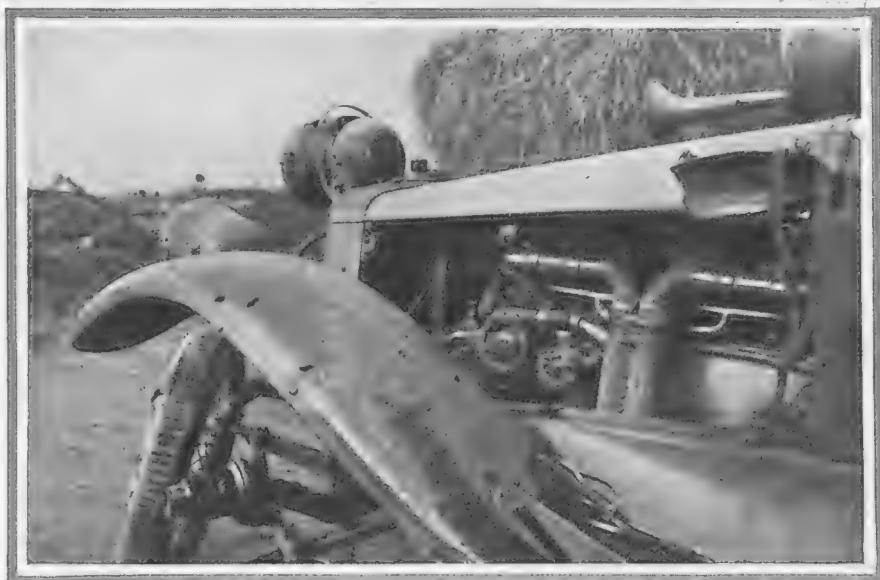


A MODEL AEROPLANE-ENGINE AS MASCOT: AN UNIQUE CURIOSITY ON AN ADMIRALTY INSPECTOR'S CAR.

The model, which is made exactly to scale (1 inch to the foot), is one of a 75-h.p. eight-cylinder Renault aeroplane-engine of the latest type.—[Photograph by Clayton.]

Land Speed v. Air Speed.

There is a point in connection with the performances of our naval and military aeroplanes which often puzzles the non-technical reader, and that is in relation to the speeds of which they are capable. He may read, for example, of the Channel having been crossed at the rate of 150 miles an hour, and then learn that the maximum speed of the fastest aeroplane is between 90 and 100 miles an hour. The two statements seem wholly irreconcilable; yet, strangely enough, both are true. An aeroplane is designed to travel at a certain maximum speed in still air, according to the power of its engine and the set of its planes. This maximum is known as the "air speed." But there is the wind itself to be considered. If the machine is travelling before a 50-miles-an-hour gale, and it is capable itself of doing 100 miles an hour, its rate of progress will be 150 miles an hour in all; but this total is referred to as its "land speed." Inversely, if the aeroplane is forging against the 50-miles-an-hour gale, it will only travel at the rate of 50 miles an hour by "land speed." In other words, the strength of the wind has always to be added or subtracted when the actual rate of progress has to be determined; but it is obviously necessary to have a constant as indicating the power of the machine in still air, and all references to the rate of a machine's progress should be understood, in technical articles at all events, as applying to the "air speed," irrespective of whatever wind may be aiding or retarding a given flight.



A NARROW ESCAPE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S CAR AFTER A SHELL HAD FALLEN BESIDE IT, KILLING THE CHAUFFEUR.

That the Prince of Wales at the front is well within the danger-zone is evident from the incident which this photograph recalls. About twenty minutes after his Royal Highness had left the car, a German shrapnel shell burst within a yard of it and killed the chauffeur. The mud-guard was riddled, the head-light pierced, and the axle broken. It was a car which the Prince had used at Oxford.

Photograph by Farrington-Photo. Co.

British Made Throughout.

Careful scrutiny and the most stringent scientific test ensure that each Osram is an economical and a thoroughly efficient lamp. Osram is British made, under the direct control of Osram experts, at The Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London, W.—one of the best and most up-to-date factories in the country.

Osram
DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

Obtainable from all Electricians, Iron-mongers and Stores. *Wholesale only:—*
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An Appeal

THE double pressure on our factories occasioned by heavy and urgent Government demands for pure woollen garments for our Troops, and by an almost overwhelming demand from the public for "Wolsey," compels us to ask the indulgence of the public and the trade alike for possible lateness in deliveries.

We are exerting every human endeavour to keep faith with our countless friends throughout the Kingdom, and we feel confident that all good patriots will, if necessary, cheerfully wait a little while in their Country's cause.

In no circumstances whatever will the quality of any Wolsey garment be sacrificed in the smallest degree.

Wolsey
PURE WOOL BRITISH UNDERWEAR

For this climate of ours the best health safeguard that skill can produce or money buy. Most of the public know it, doctors know it, *YOU* should know it. Every garment pure wool and unshrinkable. Replaced free if found otherwise.
Made for men, women, & children, & sold everywhere.

The Wolsey Underwear Co., Leicester.

Ladies learn to drive

1. The Courses embrace just what Ladies need to Learn.
2. The Fees are the Lowest in London.
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4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
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6. Licensed Employment Bureau Free for all Pupils who require same.

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CALL OR WRITE—
B.S.M., 5, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

MY CARD?

Certainly. Name, Dunlop, Business, Tyres.

No, I am not here to book orders, but to give advice.

Am I coming again? Regularly, I hope. This is just a preliminary visit.

Thanks, I will. Good-bye for the present. Glad to have met you.

DUNLOP

"A Miss is as good as her Smile"

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

DELICIOUS
ANTISEPTIC
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perfects the Smile.

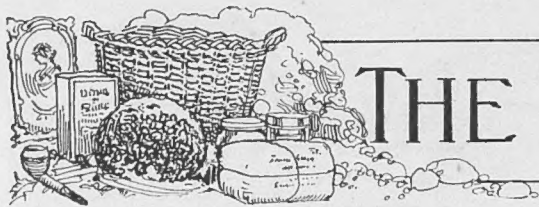
Twice a year have the dentist examine your teeth—twice a day brush them with **COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM.** This safe dentifrice cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes them to natural whiteness. You need not be afraid to smile if you use Colgate's. *Sold where you buy your toilet preparations.*

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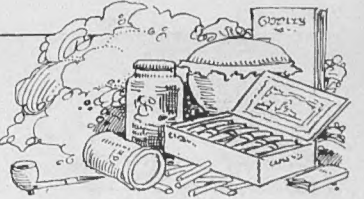
COLGATE & CO.,
46, Holborn Viaduct,
London.

Please send me a trial size of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. I enclose 3d. in stamps to defray cost of packing and postage.

Name _____
Address _____



THE SOLDIERS' YULE



THIS year, as last, Christmas will assert its old authority even in the shell-riven battlefield. As in 1914, there will be, no doubt, a few hours' respite in the trenches from the worst horrors of war. Already people at home are thinking of little presents to send to their friends fighting at one of the "fronts," and the shops that cater for the Christmas trade all tell the same story of steadily increasing pressure. It is, in fact, necessary to make arrangements earlier than usual this year, since our men are scattered over a very wide area. It is only a few hours to a "town in France"; but the Dardanelles and Salonika are far away; still further is Bagdad of the Caliphs, and the sun-baked Euphrates Valley; and there are still more out-of-the-way parts of the world where the struggle between Briton and Teuton and Turk or Teuton goes on incessantly, though only an infrequent telegram gets into the papers.

The Christmas Spirit.

Economy or no economy, some Christmas trifle must be sent to the exile, and the balance of foreign trade must be left for this once to take care of itself. Christmas over, we will face the income-tax gatherer with stern heroism, our drawn (often over-drawn) allowances in hand. But really we must be allowed this little flutter, not of personal extravagance, but of unselfish care for others. The Christmas spirit will not be denied altogether. The question what to send is intimately related to that other question—how to send it. Some thought must be given to the conditions of travel, and also to the conditions of life in the trenches. A turkey, for example, will travel to France and will be appreciated there; but it will be a nameless horror by the time it reaches its destination if addressed to the Dardanelles. Plum-puddings are welcome in the Flanders trenches; in tins they can be sent almost anywhere, though they are somewhat solid fare for the soldiers under the sun of the Persian Gulf region. Then one must learn how to pack. The Post Office could speak of dismal tragedies springing from simple faith in the wear and-tear-resisting capacities of cardboard and twine. The postal authorities, by the way, are bringing out a special leaflet of instructions as to how to pack things intended for the Dardanelles, and these instructions may well be followed regarding all foreign parcels in war time.

Multum in Parvo. It is wise, therefore, to buy things which will travel well and are not too bulky. Fortunately, there is plenty of choice. Any amount of ingenuity has been lavished on this matter of reducing weight and cubic capacity while retaining useful qualities. The necessary ingredients for an epicurean dinner can be stowed away in a parcel a few inches square; you can get all sorts of things useful for soldiers and sailors that cost little, weigh little, and take up no room to speak of. But it is necessary to devote a little thought to the matter before making a selection. Recipients of presents appreciate the kind thought, but they like also to be able to pay a tribute to the head as well as to

the heart of the giver. Things which do especially well in a London flat are a nuisance in a dug-out; while in the trenches great value attaches to trifles never wanted in civilisation. Woollen things generally can be left to wholesale generosity; something more original should be expected with confidence of the individual giver. On the other hand, scarves, ties, and handkerchiefs are all exceedingly welcome in places where the laundress is hardly next door. Leather waistcoats are a sure hit.

Note-paper and envelopes, with an indelible pencil, may make a cheap but welcome present. Electric-lamps for use at night are always appreciated. Another excellent thing is an aluminium saucepan, with arrangements for methylated spirits in block form. By its help all sorts of savoury "extras" can be prepared, as well

as hot tea and coffee, in a few minutes. Cocoa-and-milk and coffee-and-milk are two things which never come amiss. Tinned foods, especially butter, cocoa, jam, soup-blocks, are popular among people who think of their creature comforts—and who does not at the front, where creature discomforts are the rule? A more sentimental but still welcome present is the small leather miniature-case with talc front to keep the lineaments of the beloved one's face from all harm of wet and broken glass. Tobacco in all forms is, of course, keenly appreciated. A box of cigars or cigarettes will always bring a smile, and there are all sorts of novel lighters which, if useful for no other purpose, always provide a good deal of amusement.

No wonder the shops have got an immense store of all kinds of things suitable for presents, since a quarter of male England is in khaki somewhere or other. A million or something less in France, many thousands at the Dardanelles, and many thousands more on the Euphrates, the Nile, the seas, or elsewhere. But, of course, present-giving is not restricted to our relations in the Army or Navy, legion though they be. In a more general sense, never have there been greater demands on the purses of the generous, never has there been a greater disposition to comply with every demand, wherever such compliance was at all possible. There are the Belgian soldiers, to whom, as to every British

Tommy, it is proposed to give some small gift. There are our prisoners of war in Germany, spending, for the second time many of them, their Christmas in the dreary monotony which is the lot of those so hapless as to fall into the hands of the Huns. There are the men of the Fleet, and all those others who in minor capacities are making it possible for the Navy to do its gigantic task of keeping the seas clear for the provision of our food-supply. So that the Christmas list shows a great increase even over last year's demands. The call of the present is, in fact, more insistent this year than ever before. One precaution is necessary: if disappointment is to be avoided, shopping must be done early—as early as possible. The Post Office, however, will issue no dates as hitherto, so the Germans will be spared the temptation of attempting to sink the gifts which have cost the senders so much trouble and care.



Last Christmas but one,
I'd flowers from Freddie,
From Basil and Teddie;
And bonbons from Bill.
And now it's such fun
Sending presents to Teddie,
Bill, Basil, and Freddie—
"Best wishes—from Phyl."

GLADY ETO

CLOSED



For Officers and Men on Active Service

HORLICK'S RATION OF MALTED MILK TABLETS

A round, air-tight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets:—this is Horlick's 24-Hour Ration. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how many ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to every soldier!

Price 1/6 each,
post free to any address at the Front.
Send one to YOUR Soldier

We will send post free to ANY address at the Front a tin of these delicious and sustaining food tablets on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address, and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.



OPEN




This should be his gift this Christmas-time.

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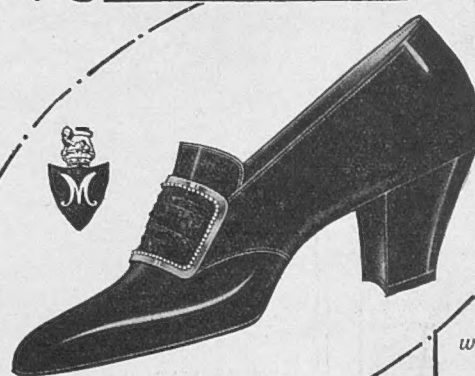
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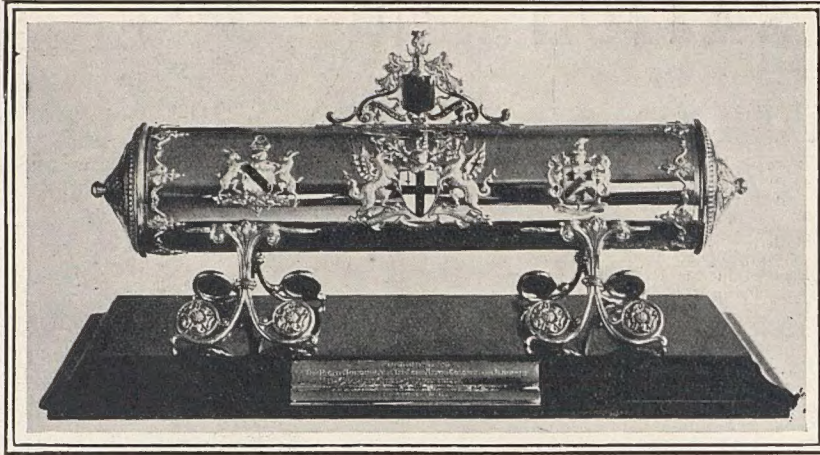
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE are times when the title of this article seems unsuitable. In a sense, "Looking Around" is a novelty; yet, apart from details, it does not seem exactly to come within the phrase "new." For it is not really new to have a piece which has a sort of scheme in the first scene, and becomes simple chaos afterwards. And it is not really new for that chaos to be merely music-hall entertainment. And it is not really a novelty to find oneself wishing for intervals between every turn, instead of only two *entr'actes*, and longing for tobacco. If Mr. Jack Norworth had announced, "Gentlemen, you may smoke," we should have applauded enthusiastically and acted accordingly—the "we" would have included some of the ladies. I refer to Mr. Jack Norworth because he is chief figure in the affair; the author did not give him one of the tongue-twisters in the delivery of which he excels, but his quiet humour is effective, and he told his songs neatly, with a not unmusical voice: nothing to rave about, of course, but quite satisfactory up to a point—a little wearisome beyond it, for one grows tired of the accent. His song, "Michael Cassidy, V.C.," with a rather catchy tune and an almost unlimited stock of verses, made the hit of the piece. Next in success was a music-hall sketch called

"This is Life," which had nothing more to do with its alleged scheme than I with the King of Asia. The sketch is funny, and has a little note of pathos in it. Miss Laura Guerite acted admirably as an unsuccessful American performer. Miss Guerite also played cleverly in a skit upon "Kick In," which was quite comic, even to those who have not seen the original, but are well enough acquainted with American drama to understand it.

Miss Beth Tate sang a song called "A Mason Never Tells" skilfully. Mr. Rob Wilton has some comic power, which would be increased if by his manner he did not suggest that he thought it bigger than it is. Also there is Polaire, supposed to represent French revue, but she did not: of course, she is a very popular performer, and I have even seen the word "genius" applied to her in print. Her work fell rather flat on the first night, for her broken English was puzzling, sentiment does not suit her, and her acrobatic dance—I apologise for using the word dance—was not quite novel. The music is noisy and full of the rag-time—a little while ago I met a man who said to me solemnly that the war had done one big thing: had killed ragtime, but he was wrong, alas! I had forgotten about the ladies' dresses, which put us in a dilemma: to speak of their scantiness is to serve the purpose of it; to ignore the scantiness is to condone. I wish the Censor would interfere: undraped drama is not as injurious as under-draped young women.



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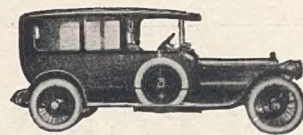


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